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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Tovarisch Hitler

A good deal is being said these days about the danger to Hitler's regime of his new and close collaboration with the Soviet Union. Stalin has taken far greater advantage of his partner from the inside of the firm than ever he could have done as a hostile competitor. We should like to add, however, that if the opportunity arises, Hitler is capable of turning the same trick himself. And the opportunity will arise, if German-Russian economic coöperation is to become a reality. The Soviet Union must become dependent on the Germans for a considerable quantity of manufactured goods, and for the services of Nazi experts in enlarging the capacity and efficiency of transport, oil production and other industries. Much of this work must be done in the Ukraine, which Hitler has always coveted. If Soviet troops in Germany would constitute a danger to the Nazi regime, what about Nazi agents scattered throughout Russian industry? The opportunities for espionage, sabotage and intrigue would be almost unlimited. Then, too, one has to think of the dangers of the new common frontier if Germany should not be defeated, and the great German army should turn east again. Hitler may be Stalin's prisoner now but, if the jailer is not wary, the desperado will reverse the roles.

Stalin Makes Hay

Meanwhile a whole series of victories is being won by Soviet Russia. She completed the process of making new agreements with Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and there is no reason to believe that Finland, in spite of her brave talk of fortifications on the frontier and the mobilization of her army, will be able to hold out. What Russia wants in these four countries is, as a minimum, ports for her commerce and naval and airplane bases that will enable her to dominate the Baltic and, as our Washington correspondent pointed out weeks ago, remove the threat to Leningrad.

As to the Balkans and Turkey, what is happening is far more obscure. Mussolini evidently believes that Hitler and Stalin are conspiring to freeze him out of Southeastern Europe, and is trying to prevent it.

There are reports, which must be accepted with reserve, that Russia is massing large numbers of troops along the borders of Iran and Afghanistan and in western China. Iran has valuable oil which both Russia and Germany would be glad to get; Afghanistan is the key to India, and troops in western China could be used either to help break the power of the British in India or to force a settlement between China and Japan. A mere recital of the fields of activity shows how much Stalin has increased his power over the destiny of the two most populous continents. We see no reason as yet to believe that he proposes to use that power for the benefit of Hitler, any more than he will help England and France. He is extending the boundaries of Russia a little, increasing the area where Soviet communism holds sway and reëntering European politics in the role of arbiter.

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Taking the Germans Out

With amazing speed, the German-speaking population of the three East Baltic States is being moved into Germany. Berlin tries to insist that this is done on Hitler's initiative, but it is just as likely that Stalin has compelled the action to be taken. From Estonia are coming 15,000, from Latvia, 62,000 and from Lithuania, 40,000. Hitler is actually talking as though he proposed to bring home all the others in Southeastern Europe, a total of 3,500,000. Those from the Baltic are to be settled in west Poland, the Poles being unceremoniously kicked out and jammed together in the small buffer state which Hitler and Stalin are planning. In terms of sheer human drama, this enforced exodus staggers the imagination. All these people, many of whom have lived in their present homes for centuries, are ordered out on forty-eight hours' notice. Their affairs will be settled for them later. The world being what it is, it is probably better to have them go than to remain as a "suppressed minority." If reason staggers at the thought of finding overnight new houses, schools, medical services and jobs for all these people, the answer is that it is Hitler's headache—and the headache of the exchangees.

Americans Trying to Get Home

Americans abroad have had all sorts of trouble in buying a ticket home on an American vessel. Returning travelers tell extraordinary tales of scenes during the early days of the war. People were kept waiting in line, sometimes for several days, and were told then that a sailing had been canceled and they must start all over again. No effort was made to keep a general list of applicants from which to draw names in the order of priority as space was available. In Paris some of the clerks seemed to take pleasure in being as rude as possible to intending passengers. Hundreds of persons were told to go to one French port or another, at their own expense, only to find that the journey was wasted and they must go back to Paris. Some people charge that prices were raised at the same moment that accommodations dwindled to a cot in a hallway; there are said to be many Americans still stranded abroad because they had counted on getting passage at the previously stipulated tariff. Meanwhile, certain people possessed of mysterious "influence" got tickets and received excellent quarters at the last minute and without the dreary waiting in line. As for the $500,000 supposedly allocated by the government to help bring stranded Americans home, nobody in Paris seems to have heard of it. The United States government is subsidizing the American merchant marine to a tremendous extent; it might be very much worth while for Congress to inquire into the treatment American citizens are receiving in a time of emergency.

The Unions Need Statesmanship

As the AFL and the CIO meet in their respective annual conventions, it is well for both to review their positions in respect to the war, the status of democracy in America and the welfare of labor as a whole. Two objectives are important—the unity of labor for protection of existing gains and further advance, and support of an administration that on the average is much more favorable to union aims than any opponent is likely to be. The rank and file of both organizations are without much question favorable to unity and to support of Mr. Roosevelt. The danger comes from a few leaders in both who are either short-sighted or so embittered by previous incidents as to be moved by personal combativeness more than by the requirements of the situation. The reactionary officials in the AFL are old offenders, but Mr. Lewis himself is also at fault in his abrupt breaking off of peace negotiations, in his rush decision to invade the building trades rather than keeping as before to hitherto unorganized fields, and in his sniping at the President. We hope the rank and file in both organizations can force a compromise.

Airport

The completion of the North Beach Airport should bring to New York City, to its Mayor and to Mr. William Adams Delano a tremendous round of applause. As the Mayor has said, there have been airports and airports here and there over the world; but now for the first time has the whole scheme for such a place—with all the landings, hangars, administration buildings, stations and so on to be included—been studied and designed with an eye to beauty and the esthetic possibilities. Mayor LaGuardia has said too that he hopes this will remain as the jewel in his administration's crown. He may claim his share of the glory and credit, and the city's thanks. Mr. Delano has responded with a design full of imagination and wholly practical. The impression of ingenuity of invention is everywhere felt, as if no need had been forgotten, as if every function and office of this vast world business of the air had been provided for, no matter how plain, humdrum or routine. And yet the whole has on it a mark of ease and gracious disposition. It is neither harsh nor finicky with stale ornament. A great porch, or glassed-in gallery, in the central building, to the sea side, is where you can see your friends arrive or watch the airships as they start their flight. In general the sense we get of Mr. Delano's achievement is a fine mingling of the useful, ordered, clean and the poetic and dramatic.

Senator Burke and the Khaki Shirts

Senator Edward R. Burke of Nebraska has been known for some time to be an admirer of Hitler. Just over a year ago, when he returned from a trip

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abroad, he was reported to have "praised without stint the accomplishments of the Nazi regime." And his attacks on the Wagner Act have confirmed most people in the belief that he isn't by any means a progressive. But these facts were hardly enough to prepare us for the accusations of The Washington New-Dealer, which charges that Senator Burke joined the Khaki Shirts of America—an openly fascist organization—in 1932, and actively supported it. To back up these charges the paper has printed photostats of an application blank, a record of dues payments and a duplicate membership card in his name, and statements of a former organizer for the Khaki Shirts. It is of course possible that The New-Dealer is mistaken in its charges, though it is a good honest paper, or that there is some satisfactory explanation of them. If so, Senator Burke should make a public answer. If the charges are true he may as well keep quiet, because a great many of us won't want to listen to him any more.

German Toys for American Children

Twelve hundred tons of German-made toys have just arrived in New York harbor consigned to various American wholesalers. Probably most of our readers were already practising the boycott against German goods and hardly need to be reminded that the reasons for that boycott are now more valid than ever. We hope they will be vigilant in making sure they do not give as presents this year toys from a land whose present rulers have done more than anyone else who ever lived to bring suffering and death to children.

Progress Note

You can now buy a fake fireplace with a radio concealed in it, to stand against the wall as an ornament. The patent medicines you will hear advertised on the radio are also fake, but the static is real.

News Notes from the Home Front

The trial of the General Motors Corporation, three affiliated companies and nineteen individuals on charges of violating the Sherman anti-trust law began October 9 in the Northern Indiana Federal District Court. . . . The headquarters of the International Typographical Union announced that it was "apparently out of the AFL," since its per-capita dues payment for August had been returned to it. The union has three times refused to pay the AFL special assessments, on the ground that they will be used to fight the CIO. . . . All the Detroit plants of the Dodge Motor Company, a Chrysler subsidiary, were closed October 9, because, the company said, of a union "slow-down." The union said it was resisting an attempted "speed-up" by the company. . . . Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky resigned to accept the appointment to succeed the late Senator M. M. Logan. He asked Olsen and Johnson of "Hellzapoppin" to come and hear him sworn in. . . . The Dies Committee returned to Washington from its secret hearings and raids in Chicago, where the American League for Peace and Democracy declared its records had been illegally seized by the committee's agents. A witness at the renewed Washington hearings accused some more people of being Communists, this time a number of officers of the American Youth Congress, and they promptly made strong denials of his charges. . . . The Yankees made a clean sweep of the World Series for the second time in a row, and Mr. Dies was no doubt delighted that the Cincinnati Reds were totally crushed.

Hitler Proposes

HITLER'S SPEECH proposing peace was more a celebration of victory than an attempt to find a common ground between himself and his enemies. After glorifying the deeds of German arms and the other achievements of his regime in general, he announced that Poland is a closed issue, although he is willing to consent to the creation of a small buffer state, and that Germany wants her colonies back. To a listener or reader in one of the democratic countries, it seems incredible that Hitler should have expected the Allies to yield to this ultimatum, this ukase from the new Tsar.

Yet his speech contains some suggestions that point toward the framework of a new Europe, however obscured by his megalomania and inability to understand other men's minds. He announced that Germany has guaranteed the boundaries of all countries contiguous with her, and spoke placatingly of the Baltic States and Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. He said that "the Jewish problem" must be solved, although heretofore he has seemed to feel that the only solution was for him to put all the Jews to death. He apparently seriously intends to bring into Germany the 3,500,000 persons of Teutonic origin now scattered in half a dozen East European countries. He spoke about trade agreements, although heretofore he has bargained with countries one at a time on an autarchical basis. He even suggested a general European congress that might lead to partial disarmament. He reverted more to his customary form when he ended by threatening that if his terms are not accepted, his enemies will be destroyed.

Overshadowing every other in connection with the discussion of peace terms is the question whether Hitler can be trusted at all. Is his signature on a document worth anything? In "Mein Kampf" he deliberately advocates the use of falsehood to achieve political ends and in his recent career he has illustrated the theory. When he seized Austria he said in substance that his territorial ambitions were ended. He said the same thing when he got the Sudeten area and again when

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he took the remainder of Czecho-Slovakia. Even as to Poland, he promised that Danzig was all he wanted. Hitler's promise is simply not worth anything, taken by itself. No country is justified in signing a treaty with him, the execution of which depends even in part on his good faith.

It is possible that peace terms might be arranged in some way so that Hitler would be deprived of his power to commit an act of treachery. It would not suffice for him to go through a disingenuous "retirement" to Berchtesgaden from which he could return like Napoleon from Elba. A general agreement backed by universal disarmament, perhaps with some sort of international police force, is within the bounds of possibility—but just barely, Europe being what it is. Hitler's promise might possibly be trusted if there were good reason to suppose that the Third Reich had now reached the limit of its ambition and was really willing to embark on a course of international cooperation and good faith. But what reason is there to suppose so? The program of expansion hitherto promulgated has not stopped with Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. The territories already acquired have not given Germany *Lebensraum* in the sense of Hitlerian autarchy. They have even intensified the economic problems that the regime would have to solve the moment peace is declared. And if Britain and France, having taken up arms to prevent aggression, were now to lay them down, leaving Hitler in possession of his new conquests, they would never again be able to stop him, or to convince any threatened nation that it could rely on any effort on their part to do so. The essential truth is that Hitler is proposing terms based upon a German victory which the Allies refuse to accept. They want a victory of their own, or at least a stalemate, before they are prepared to enter serious peace negotiations.

The terms, it is now clear, should go much farther than anything that has been suggested thus far in England or France. The reconstitution of Poland, or even Czecho-Slovakia, is not a cause worth the lives of millions of men. A return to the Versailles system would make the peace only an armistice. What Europe needs if the intolerable conditions of recent years are to be avoided is a whole new definition of terms, an entirely fresh approach to the problem of creating an enduring order. Intensified nationalism was the basis of Versailles, and it lasted just twenty years and two months. If the continent is to survive with anything recognizable as civilization, national patriotism, pride of race and proselyting culture must give way before a system based upon economic possibilities, the effort to bring a maximum degree of good life to everyone. In this sense the British are right in saying that "Hitlerism" must be destroyed. Such a system cannot thrive as long as his especially pernicious embodiment of nationalism is a living force in Europe. Since, however, he has made some specific proposals, it is not enough for the British and French to reply merely that there can be no peace with the present rulers of Germany. It is high time for them to state what kind of world they envisage and how they propose to get from here to there.

The Arms Embargo

IT IS EASY TO PROVE that the decision about lifting the arms embargo is relatively unimportant in the effort to keep the United States out of war—if one considers merely the probable objective effects. In order to do this it is necessary only to remember the background of the dispute and then to take up the more prominent arguments one by one.

This background may be summarized as follows. Virtually every article or commodity sold in international trade is vital in modern war. A large number of them have been declared contraband by both sides. Food, fibers, minerals, chemicals, petroleum and its products, partly manufactured goods such as steel ingots, forgings, plate, tubing and sheets, textiles, and even fully manufactured products not ordinarily included under munitions, such as trucks, machine tools, typewriters, radios, optical goods—there is hardly one that is not used directly or indirectly by armies and navies as well as by civilian populations, whose morale may be the eventual deciding factor. The distinction between "arms, ammunition and implements of war" on the one hand and non-munitions on the other is, under conditions of modern warfare between highly industrialized nations, wholly artificial.

In the last world war only about 15 percent of the exports from the United States to the belligerents consisted of munitions proper. In the present war the percentage is not likely to be so large, since they are better equipped to manufacture what they need. At the same time our equipment for making munitions is strictly limited and its existing productive capacity is almost completely contracted to our own army and navy. Even in war planes—after the 755 now on order by the Allies are delivered—Britain's chief import reliance will be on Canada rather than the United States. The belligerents can freely buy here all products except munitions, and there is no prospect of our forbidding them to do so.

If it is argued that war orders will build up a large economic interest here which will push us toward eventual participation, the argument applies to our total trade, not merely to the 15 percent of it or less which is now embargoed. The embargo is not a safeguard against this danger; some other must be applied if there is to be any. This other safeguard is found, in part, in the provision, which both sides favor, that the belligerents are not to be allowed long-term credit.

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This will help to confine their war orders to normal peacetime amounts. Further measures of price-and-profits control would also be desirable.

If it is argued that selling munitions will bring us into trouble with belligerents, the same argument applies with equal strength to the whole of war trade. Blockades, sinkings and sabotage will be just as likely to stop shipments of wheat, cellulose, chemicals and oil as of finished explosives, shells, airplanes and tanks. Military authorities do not make subtle moral distinctions between the responsibility for providing finished weapons and the responsibility for providing what they are made from.

If it is argued that selling munitions is taking sides, then selling all the rest of the necessary war materials is taking sides, to the extent of nine or ten times as much.

If it is argued that to change the rules while war is on is un-neutral, then it is just as un-neutral to enact cash-and-carry, which affects six-sevenths of war trade, as to repeal the embargo, which forbids one-seventh of it. Any new commercial measure which we may adopt in our own interest will affect the warring parties unevenly. The parties, on account of their own diversity in equipment and position, derive uneven advantage from any possible neutrality law or the absence of any neutrality law. War is not a sporting event, in which the rules must be scrupulously framed to give neither side an advantage. And they cannot be so framed.

If it is argued that it is desirable (or not desirable) to help the Allies by giving them economic support, or that by doing so we may increase the chance of our staying out by speeding their victory or decrease it by prolonging the war, then it is not nearly so important whether we grant them the final 15 percent or less of aid as that they are already deriving 85 percent or more.

These facts explain why The New Republic has never been able to get excited about the issue which is now being debated in Congress. We honestly do not believe that the outcome will make much difference, one way or the other, in the future course of events.

In the long discussion about the neutrality legislation, our concern has always been mainly about other aspects of the problem—except in the case of Spain, where, because of the lack of industrialization, imported finished weapons were crucial to both sides. We have in general supported the arms embargo as a minor part of the neutrality laws. During the later crises leading up to the war we suggested that since Britain and France wanted the embargo lifted, we might use it as a bargaining point to clarify their stand against Hitlerism and their peace aims. Now we believe that, although the terms of a desirable peace are far from being defined, the issues of the war are clear enough to warrant granting them this light additional aid.

Aside from the purely objective discussion of the question, it seems to us that there would be a psychological gain in lifting the arms embargo. Sympathy with the cause of the Allies is tremendously strong in the United States and is felt by a large majority of the citizens. Hitlerism is universally hated. If at any time it seems to be winning, there will be a greatly strengthened fear—reasonable or unreasonable—that our own interests are threatened. These emotions constitute, in the long run, the greatest danger that this nation will be persuaded to enter the war. It is fruitless to attempt to deal with them by argument that we ought to be impartial in our sympathy, or that one side is as bad as the other. The knowledge that the Allies were deriving as much help here as they could without abandonment of our neutrality would provide a safety-valve for these emotions. If, on the other hand, we retain the arms embargo, intensification of a balked desire to help may cause us eventually to swing too far in the other direction. Continuance of the embargo would eventually provide an argument to pro-Allied propaganda that would counterbalance a thousand war planes. The very emphasis laid upon it in the current debate will tend to make people think that its repeal is crucial to the Allied cause.

The position of the opponents of repeal also is really based on psychological considerations. The arguments they use are not for the most part derived from an accurate exposition of objective facts. But they recognize the drive for repeal as an expression of the feelings of those who want to help the Allies. They sense that if this tendency goes far enough, it will eventually land us in the war with both feet. Therefore they want to fight it at the outset, to prevent it from gaining momentum. They suspect, from many things the President has said in the past, and from his temperament, that he would ultimately rather have the United States fight than to see Hitler victorious. They know that many who support him are of the same mind, both in the government and outside it. The embargo has therefore become important to them, not in itself but rather as a political symbol, as a first skirmish in a battle that they expect eventually to have to fight in the last ditch. That is why they discuss the administration bill as a step toward intervention. They are afraid that if they give an inch, they will be forced to give an ell.

We can understand and honor this attitude, but we believe it is a miscalculation. In spite of the evidence from polls and otherwise that a substantial majority of the people want to lift the embargo, only a tiny percentage of them would favor sending soldiers to Europe. There is nothing in selling arms that can automatically and inevitably involve us, so long as the people do not want to fight. The position of the isolationist on this question seems to us like that of the prohibitionist who thinks that a boy who takes his first drink is on

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the road to perdition. The difficulty with absolutists of this kind is that they do not know that those who suppress normal emotions in the interest of rigid rectitude are likely sometime to explode with the inner force of abnormal passions.

How Not to Save Democracy

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW of one who is more interested in the advance of the American social order than in the destruction of the European, one of the most disquieting of recent developments on this side of the ocean is the internecine conflict in progressive organizations. Regardless of the justification for any faction, the net result is a weakening of morale and an aid to those forces in this country that are anti-labor and bent upon destruction of civil liberties. Two recent instances of the kind have arisen in New York. One is the attempt of the right-wing leaders of the American Labor Party in New York to purge the party of those suspected of being Communist sympathizers; the other an effort of similar leaders to undermine the conference on civil liberties called by the American Civil Liberties Union and coöperating organizations, on the basis of the charge that some of these organizations are "Communist fronts."

In the Labor Party the occasion for the squabble was a resolution endorsing the neutrality policy of the President, supporting the repeal of the arms embargo, and in the same breath denouncing the deal between Hitler and Stalin. Many who opposed this resolution, on the ground either that they favor the arms embargo or that they do not think it wise for the party to take a stand on European politics, are accused on that ground of being either Communists or fellow travelers, and are slated for expulsion. Michael Quill, popular and able head of the Transport Workers' Union, is opposed for nomination to the City Council on the same grounds. Although he has many times denied the charge that he is a member of the Communist Party and has declared in unequivocal terms his allegiance to American democratic methods and ideals, he does oppose the resolution in question and on that account is excommunicated by the right-wing leaders.

Louis Waldman, right-wing Socialist lawyer and prominent member of the Labor Party, has publicly announced his refusal to participate in the civil-liberties conference on the ground that some of the sponsoring organizations have been accused of being Communist "fronts." This charge has never been proved. It is admitted that the organizations in question have many members and affiliates—undoubtedly comprising a majority—who are not Communists at all, and that their chief officers are not Communists. Yet because they have not expelled Communists from membership, and because some of them have failed to denounce or have even approved the Reich-Soviet pact, Mr. Waldman will have nothing to do with their fight for civil liberties in the United States.

Of course the Communists have provided the most favorable possible atmosphere for such tactics. By their inaccurate predictions and stupid justifications of the course of the Soviet Union during the crisis they have demonstrated, as Granville Hicks showed in his letter of resignation printed in our pages, that they hold blind loyalty to the Soviet government above independent judgment. Their hearts are in Moscow, not in the United States. We see no reason why the American Labor Party should be used as a channel to express the international views of the Communists. But, for that matter, we see no reason either why the American Labor Party should be a front for right-wing Socialists like Mr. Waldman, or for Socialist fellow travelers. The Labor Party ought to be a political instrument of the broad labor movement, and of those who favor its program, not the property of any political sect.

The time is not a good one for purges and denial of rights in progressive and labor organizations. The example may be followed far too readily by those who would purge the purgers. It is easy to call anyone with whom we disagree a Communist or Stalinist, whether it is true or not, easy to do the same to anyone who defends the right of all to speak and vote. The democratic process is the only ultimate protection against domination by unwelcome partisans. If Communist forces try to use American labor and liberal bodies for sectarian purposes, they cannot do so without affecting platforms and electing candidates. If a majority of the movement is opposed to such planks and candidates, they can easily vote them down. The best way to protect democracy and civil liberty is to practise them.

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Hitler Pays for the Pact

WHEN HITLER'S POSITION on October 6 is compared with that of September 2, one is astonished by his rapid decline. Seeking reasons for his débâcle one is reduced to the banal conclusion that to establish political hegemony a minimum of political morality is necessary. Hitler lost that minimum.

At a decisive hour, countries can if necessary change alliances, or even betray one ally for another if the doctrines and ideals imposed upon their peoples remain inviolate. That is what Russia did. But Hitler thought it possible to ask German mothers who had lost their eldest sons attacking communism in Spain to sacrifice their younger sons to fight capitalist states in the name of National Communism. Immediately after this event, which is unique in historical annals, Hitler didn't even have courage to uphold his perjury. For instance, during interviews among Ciano, von Ribbentrop and Hitler in Berlin, the latter had no hesitation in asking Ciano to propose the following thesis to the democracies: "The Führer asks nothing better than to turn against Russia, an idea he has consistently held but which the democracies have prevented him from accomplishing. Now that Poland is non-existent, it would be easy for him to attack Moscow. It is for the democracies to decide whether they will enter into an accord allowing him *carte blanche* and armaments necessary to attack the Soviets."

In the circumstances Mussolini not only refused to suggest such an extraordinary program but also to be associated with any Reich negotiations.

Since December, 1936, Hitler has succeeded in obtaining concessions from Mussolini by telling him his colonial demands would be supported unconditionally by the Reich. Mussolini was a loyal ally, sacrificing many Italian interests to Germany, notably in Central Europe, the Balkans and the Brenner Pass. But when Hitler sacrificed anti-communism, for which German and Italian soldiers fought in Spain, for a passing alliance, and then proposed renunciation of this alliance, Mussolini by a laconic communiqué to the Stefani news agency announced that the "pact of steel" was practically finished.

Spain and Japan have more or less followed Italy. Consequently the result of German policies which lacked all political morality has been Hitler's isolation —as the world realized from his speech on October 6, the weakest he has ever delivered.

As for the Soviets, now reinstalled in the old Tsarist citadel, their exterior policies have been entirely changed four times. Trotsky and universal revolution in 1920 rapidly fell before Lenin and the NEP, advocating collaboration with France and England. The Zinoviev affair ended that attempt and the Kremlin was inactive for a time. Then came Russia's maneuvers at Geneva offering loyal international coöperation with all countries and Litvinov's policy of a *status quo* based on collective security. Munich ended that effort, and today we are witnessing the fourth stage of Russian exterior politics: total resurrection of Russian imperialism and integral pan-Slavism. During all these external changes Russia has never changed her internal doctrines despite opportunities offered her during the past twenty years. The democracies deplored such manifestations of fidelity to communistic ideologies.

It is this fidelity that makes the Kremlin the great beneficiary of the present situation. The Russo-German pact is Stalin's outstanding success. In signing it, he reverted to the imperialism of Peter the Great or Queen Catherine, planning to get back territories lost during the revolutionary wars. Stalin has realized his gains exclusively in the name of his ideology! Even more, he succeeded in forcing the most densely populated big state in Europe—Germany, with her eighty million inhabitants—to accept, at least officially, communistic theses and to take immediate measures for propagating them. Like Mussolini, Stalin has judged Hitler accurately, since he told von Ribbentrop on September 28 that the Reich might try to buy peace in the West by offering the democracies a war against Bolshevism, but that he was indifferent to von Ribbentrop's offer of military alliance. Despairing of a reply, the Führer exposed his demands in a letter that Schulenburg, German Ambassador to Moscow, delivered to Molotov. Speaking for the Russian government, the latter replied: "Until the democracies declare officially that they want to restore White Russia and the Ukraine to a reconstituted Poland resulting from future peace offers, Russia will not participate in war against France and England. Furthermore, the entire Russian campaign—which according to official figures has cost only eight deaths from automobile accidents and twelve wounded in airplane reconnaissance—is definitely organized against the Reich. Stalin, now master of the Baltic and Black Seas, is eagerly watching events on the Western Front, ready to seize upon any spoils and attract new adherents to the Third International."

Curiously enough, the second victors of the war just beginning—France and England—will gain because of their fidelity to doctrines of political morality. Undoubtedly, if during the tripartite negotiations with Russia they had consented to allow Stalin Baltic countries in exchange for military alliances, they would not enjoy their present esteem from a majority of the countries which just a few weeks ago were ready to negotiate with Hitler.

As for Italy, she is withdrawing, realizing that without political morality only ephemeral successes followed by terrible catastrophes can be obtained in the international domain. This is in store for Hitler.

Paris (by cable) GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

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How Long Can Germany Hold Out?

THE NEW EUROPEAN WAR between Germany and the Allied powers has not begun as a lightning war against an unprepared adversary. We may assume that neither side will try to win the war by one "lightning stroke," risking its whole existence with only a slight chance of success. It is also unlikely that new mysterious weapons exist which will lead to an early end of war. This war will probably again become a war of attrition. Then the question inevitably arises: how long can Germany hold out?

The German General Staff had prepared two armaments schemes, one for a short "Blitzkrieg," or lightning war, the second for a real totalitarian war of attrition. The first scheme was more or less fulfilled during the first four-year plan. Then preparations for the longer totalitarian war—envisaged as a two-year war—were pushed through. But the measures to be adopted in preparation for a long war depended largely on the question of who was to be the enemy and who the ally. It was impossible to store sufficient stocks of all the essential raw materials needed to conduct a totalitarian war of even one year's duration. Also, in wartime consumption of most raw materials greatly increases. According to estimates of experts, oil consumption in a totalitarian war will be about triple that of peacetime. An air fleet of 6,000 first-line planes will consume at least one million tons of fuel yearly, or 84 percent of Germany's domestic production in 1938. Consumption of war materials also depends on the military strategy adopted. A purely defensive strategy on all fronts can be carried on for a longer period than large-scale offensives. But a defensive war cannot last forever and will finally lead to the collapse of the weaker power. How much time must elapse before this happens will depend largely on the economic reserves at the disposal of a wartime economy.

Germany is in possession of a gigantic industrial machine, bigger and better equipped than that of any other single country in Europe. Yet Germany's industrial strength has declined since pre-war days. Although Germany is still the biggest iron and steel producer in Europe, the capacity of her works no longer exceeds the capacity of the works in France and England to the same extent as in 1914. In 1938, the Reich produced 2.16 million tons crude steel (monthly average), Great Britain and France together only 1.39 million tons. Such figures are, however, misleading because the productive capacity of the iron and steel works was used to a much higher degree in Germany than in France and England. In 1936 these countries produced 1.55 million tons of steel; Germany (without the Saar district and Austria) produced 1.60 million tons. Germany still is the biggest machine producer next to the United States. But Germany's automobile industry, on the other hand, has not yet reached the size of the Anglo-French industries despite the rapid rise of automobile production under the Nazis. In 1938, 342,000 automobiles were produced in Germany, 668,000 in France and Great Britain (14,000 in Czecho-Slovakia).

The Nazi Greater Reich is at least as dependent on foreign raw materials and foodstuffs as was pre-war Germany. In 1914, German mines in Lorraine were the main source of supply of iron ore for the iron and steel works of the Ruhr. Therefore post-war Germany had to increase ore imports from Scandinavia, Spain and Africa. The output of domestic ore has been increased in Germany under the Nazis from 29 percent of the peacetime consumption to almost 50 percent, by the resumption of work in mines which have a very poor quality of ore. But Great Britain, on the other hand, is almost self-sufficient and France even has a surplus of iron ore. It will therefore be more difficult for Germany than for France and Great Britain to achieve record outputs of iron and steel in wartime.

Germany's industrial machine is highly vulnerable, because of its dependence on foreign raw materials and foodstuffs. This vulnerability is aggravated by the fact that most industrial raw materials were imported from countries which can be reached only by routes now under the control of the British fleet. The following survey shows the proportions in which Germany imported raw materials from countries now blockaded by Great Britain:

	German imports (1938) from countries	
	subject to the blockade (*percent*)	*not subject to the blockade*[1] (*percent*)
Copper ore	95.3	4.7
Manganese ore	85.5	14.5
Nickel ore	100	–
Zinc ore	100	–
Pyrites	79.3	20.7
Antimony ore	100	–
Tin ore	70.7	29.3
Chrome ore	94.5	5.5
Crude oil	74.2	25.8
Benzine	76.3	23.6
Gas oil	92.6	7.4
Asbestos	92.5	4.5
Cotton	100	–
Rubber	100	–

[1] Eastern and Southeastern Europe (including Russia), Scandinavia.

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Despite this dependence on foreign raw materials, the Third Reich is in some respects better prepared for totalitarian warfare than was imperial Germany of 1914. In pre-war times the state was not prepared for a wartime economy. During the First World War, no such state economy was created until the third year of the struggle.

This readiness for totalitarian war does not, however, prove that German wartime economy is today really stronger than it was in 1914. Before this war began, German economy suffered under difficulties that were unknown prior to 1914 and were experienced only after a year or two of fighting—scarcity of raw materials and foodstuffs, causing drastic restrictions of consumption. Between 1934 and 1939, the economic reserves of the private economy were to a great extent appropriated by the state. Private economy was largely deprived of those huge economic reserves which in 1914 still existed and which could therefore be requisitioned during the war. The premature growth of a state economy—in addition to the fact that private economy was called upon to make tremendous sacrifices for the state—was a sign that the Nazi state was living on economic reserves in a peacetime economy and thereby weakening its subsequent wartime economy.

The German wartime economy has, however, been strengthened by the rise in production of synthetics, or *ersatz*. During the First World War large-scale production of *ersatz* was an emergency measure, whereas this time vast peacetime preparations for *ersatz* production have been made in order to reduce Germany's dependence on foreign materials.

This production of *ersatz* was heavily subsidized by the Nazi state. Under the four-year plan, numerous new works were erected for mass production of synthetic rubber (buna), oil (from coal), cell wool, plastics and so on. Domestic production of textile fibers rose from 6 percent of the consumption in 1933 to 22.3 percent in 1938, and rubber (buna) to about one-third of the consumption. Almost half of the consumption of oil and ore was supplied from domestic sources. This development was handicapped by high costs of production, which greatly increased the scarcity of capital and labor. Nevertheless, more *ersatz* of worse quality is better than nothing and may make possible the continuance of a wartime economy for a considerable time. There is, however, always the danger that the attempt to overcome one deficiency by increased production of *ersatz* intensifies other deficiencies. Production of *ersatz* will play a greater role than during the last world war, but the increasing reliance on *ersatz* is a sign of a declining economy.

It is therefore of vital importance for German militarism that foreign raw-material resources be opened up without delay.

Southeastern Europe and Poland will relieve the economic deficiencies of the Reich in a few fields—Polish timber and coal, Rumanian oil, Yugoslav lead ores (only to a small extent). But these countries have not enough of other raw materials Germany needs.

The whole aspect of Germany's wartime economy seems to have changed as a result of the Stalin-Hitler pact. Stalin will supply Hitler with raw materials during the war. This will be very helpful to Hitler, yet the economic significance of Russia as a source of raw materials and foodstuffs during the present war is easily overestimated. The volume of Russian supplies to Nazi Germany does not depend merely on the will of Hitler and of Stalin, but also on such objective factors as Russia's capacity to export and the Third Reich's ability to finance imports. This last point is important unless we assume that Stalin can and will grant huge loans to Hitler.

Russia has vast natural resources of raw materials, but new additional large-scale investments and transport facilities would be necessary in order to make them available to German industry. This task would keep a German peacetime economy busy for years. Today—during wartime—the Third Reich can take advantage only of production which has already been developed. Russian production of raw materials has risen enormously. From this point of view Russia's capacity to supply Germany with raw materials has increased. But this is merely a statistical calculation which is misleading. Industrialization in Russia has greatly increased domestic consumption of the raw materials Germany needs. Exports of oil, for instance, have declined because Russian production was unable to satisfy the country's own needs. Sudden increase in the export of such industrial raw materials and of foodstuffs would have serious consequences for the Russian economy and for the standard of living of the Russian people. For the Russian economy itself is deficient in most of the raw materials Germany needs. Germany is deficient in iron ore, copper, lead, sulphur and pyrites, wool, rubber, phosphates, antimony, tin, manganese, chromite, petroleum, asbestos and timber. Russia has surpluses in only the last five.

Tsarist Russia was able to export huge quantities of foodstuffs (especially grain) although her own peasants had not enough to eat. Stalin might also decide to export foodstuffs and materials which are scarce in Russia. In the unlikely event that he should so decide, there are certain limitations because of transportation difficulties. The Russian transport system is badly in need of renewal and extension of its technical equipment in order to comply with the demands of its own economy. A rapid increase of exports to Germany would aggravate the transportation difficulties in Russia. Most of the industrial raw materials Germany needs are produced in southern Russia and in the Ural districts. This makes large-scale exports through the Baltic Sea almost impossible. Only timber can easily

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be shipped from Baltic ports. Transportation by rail to Germany would be very expensive and difficult. According to The London Economist, if one-tenth of all Russian freight cars were at the exclusive disposal of Germany, this would still not suffice to satisfy Germany's demands for foreign iron ore. Other more precious materials which do not need as much space as iron ore might be sent by rail. The bulk of Russian materials must, however, be transported through the Black Sea, Rumania and Hungary; this route will become important if Turkish and Rumanian coöperation can be assured.

Russian supplies will depend very largely on the ability of the Nazi government to pay for imports. Secret gold reserves may amount to one or two billion marks—an amount that will probably be spent during the first year of the war. Will Stalin then supply the Nazis on a credit basis? That remains to be seen.

The blockade is an important and, in a long struggle, is likely to be a decisive factor in war, especially in totalitarian warfare. The vast "hinterland" Nazi Germany has conquered in Eastern and Southeastern Europe, together with Russia in the role of ally or at least of "friendly" power, might easily create the impression that the Nazis can hold out almost indefinitely against the blockade. We should, however, remember that German militarism once controlled a hinterland larger than the Nazi protectorates and spheres of influence of today. In 1917, the German army had defeated Russia. The Eastern front no longer existed and Ludendorff was able to shift the bulk of his Eastern armies to the Western front. The German Imperial Army was in control of vast sections of Russia as well as of the Balkans and was supported by Bulgaria and Turkey as allies. The hinterland of the Third Reich has not today reached the size of the hinterland of the Kaiser's Reich in 1917. It must be conceded that this time Russia is much stronger and has not been exhausted by war, so that she may be able to assist German militarism more effectively than she did in 1917 to 1918. But this economic assistance is even more urgently needed in this war than it was during the First World War because of the "progress" of war technique.

Will Stalin be willing and able to throw the full weight of the Russian economic forces on the side of the Nazis? We have pointed out the decisive limitations of Russian economic support of Nazi militarism. But these limitations are elastic and nobody can at present definitely predict the extent of Russian economic support of Nazi Germany. One thing may, however, definitely be stated. The more Stalin supports Hitler economically—even at the expense of the Soviet economy—the more the Allied powers will depend on the United States' supplies of raw and war materials. Hitler then will have to depend on Stalin's ability to beat the United States as a producer and exporter of war and raw materials. The outcome of this competition cannot be doubted.

The deficiencies of a wartime economy are important and eventually decisive in a totalitarian war. Yet it is impossible to foretell the exact point at which a military system will collapse because of lack of foodstuffs or of raw materials. For there is no absolute limit in the power of a well organized state to cut down the consumption of the general public. Expenditures for the renewal of industrial equipment may be reduced or even eliminated in order to increase the proportion of industrial production devoted to warfare. The proportion of the national income spent for armaments may be increased to an extent which seems impossible in normal times. Raw materials may be lacking, yet armaments production may rise—at the expense of all other branches of production—by reducing production of consumption goods, by putting the people on starvation rations and by letting vast sectors of the economy decay. The last scrap of iron may be turned into guns, and the people may be compelled to double their physical efforts on starvation rations. Such measures will be more or less adopted by all powers engaged in totalitarian warfare.

A war economy will create similar trends and features in England and France as well as in Germany. But the reserves of the private economy in England and France are much larger than those of Germany, not to mention the better strategic position of the Allied powers as a result of their control of supplies from overseas. The Nazi state, therefore, must execute those economic war measures depriving the country of its last savings and of its private reserves more drastically and ruthlessly than the Western powers. This process may go further than is economically justified, since it is not merely a question of economics, but also of morale and of the effectiveness of the state in enforcing heavy sacrifices upon the people. Morale—especially in a totalitarian war—may be as important as the supply of raw materials.

Hitler must have been aware of the weaknesses of the German wartime economy and of the dangers to which he was exposing himself when he began this war. Even before the war started, his economic and political experts had carefully considered any crisis conceivable to them. The state power had been organized so as to remain intact even during the most acute crisis. Large-scale preparations had been made, not merely in the economic field, but also in order to crush all internal opposition in the case of the worst wartime difficulties. The longer the war lasts the more ruthless the totalitarian dictatorship will become in its attitude toward all social classes. All those who still own private property and who are not closely related to the supreme leadership will be expropriated and

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their property rights will largely be wiped out. The so-called radicals among the party bureaucrats will try to achieve the fulfilment of their program by complete expropriation of most property holders, simultaneously suppressing and exploiting the working class on an unprecedented scale. The further this process goes, the more the state will have to strain war morale and to rely on its totalitarian police forces. But there comes a breaking point when war morale has been strained too far.

All trends and features of the Nazi state indicate that war morale in Germany is at present much weaker than it was in 1914, weaker than in France and England and not stronger than it was in Germany in 1917. This cannot be proved by statistics and the reader may well be skeptical. However, one fact that is important for the evaluation of the strength of war morale may be pointed out. In 1914, large labor organizations existed which voted for war and which became part of the military machine. The majority of the workers gave their voluntary support to the state. This facilitated complete conscription of labor. Nazi Germany refused to tolerate such labor organizations in peacetime. The Fascist labor organizations were compulsory state organizations and a part of the state machine. They never relied on voluntary membership and support of labor. In England and France, however, big labor organizations are in existence which voted for the support of this war and will be able to obtain the voluntary support of vast sections of industrial labor for the army. It is obvious that a war morale which can rely on voluntary support is much stronger than a war morale which has to rely on state compulsion from the outset.

Many factors which will influence the duration of this war are uncertain, as for instance the military strategy and tactics of the Allied powers as well as of the German General Staff, or the possible extent of destruction of the industrial centers by air raids. Yet it seems to be pretty certain that without Stalin's economic assistance, Nazi Germany would not have been able to wage a war of attrition and would probably have experienced an early collapse. Stalin has at least enabled Hitler to plunge into a totalitarian war of attrition which may last several years, even though Hitler has not reached the pre-war strength of German militarism. Economic life and war morale in Nazi Germany today are at least as strained as they were under the Kaiser in 1917, during the third year of totalitarian warfare. Chamberlain's announcement that England would prepare for a three-year war appears to be based on a realistic and sober calculation, although the author would not be surprised if the German war machine collapsed much earlier. GUENTER REIMANN

I Like a Phony War

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE are saying in tones of disgust that this is a phony war. The statement is far from true, but even if it were, I shouldn't mind. The bloodthirstiness of a good many sedentary middle-aged Americans about having other people's sons go out and get killed, just to show that the war is not a phony, is something that I find hard to understand.

There isn't any deadline for this war, no date on which it has to be finished or something terrible will happen. The mass slaughter of human beings is about the most dreadful thing I know, and the less we have of it, the better I shall be pleased. I am enough of an iconoclast to suggest that we may have had too much already. What I fear is that the war may suddenly stop being a phony, that perhaps even before these words are printed, aggressive tactics may be employed that will ultimately mean the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives.

I hope Hitler loses the war. So does nearly everyone else I know, including those who are disgustedly calling the war a phony. I believe, moreover, that time is on the side of the Allies. At least, it is on the side of England and France, though not necessarily on the side of the British and French empires.

At the present moment the war is immobilized in the West and has become chiefly political in the East. Neither the French nor the Germans dare to try to crack each other's fortifications. Both sides have thus far been afraid to begin wholesale aerial bombing. It looks as though the submarine were checkmated.

Hitler asked the Russian bear to come to supper, and is unhappily watching his guest take most of the food, the china, silver and linen. I doubt that he knew in advance whether Stalin would take the four Baltic countries and the three on the Black Sea, or knows even yet. The big bell in the Kremlin has rung once, and all of Europe and Asia are still vibrating to the note. It is quite possible that the Russians mean to take Afghanistan into protective custody. They might also come down through the Khyber and "set India free." It is further possible that Japan, with Russia's silent consent, will perform similar acts for the native populations in French Indo-China, the Straits, and throughout Asia and Oceanica generally.

It seems to me quite logical to accept without too many tears the possible extinction of the French and British empires and still hope for the survival of Great Britain and France in Europe and on terms endurable to their people. These countries have always turned a

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different face to the Orient from the one they have exhibited within their own borders. Certainly, there are far greater human values in being an Englishman even under Chamberlain or a Frenchman even under Daladier than in being the blondest of blond Aryans under Hitler. The loss of their empires would be a serious blow to the British and French, but not in any immediate military sense a fatal one. Everyone is now agreed, with just a little more unanimity and alacrity than I like, that Russia cannot bring any tremendous amount of help to Germany even if she wants to, which nobody is sure that she does. She hasn't the goods, she hasn't the transport, she hasn't the manpower and Germany hasn't anything with which to pay, whether in gold or in manufactures. If this is true of Russia it is true of any other country that might conceivably come to Germany's aid through the Dardanelles and up the Danube. Military judgment says that the trickle of goods into Germany from the East may weaken the British blockade, but cannot offset it.

This being the case, I should myself be quite happy to see the Allies go on as they have been doing, and sit still and starve Germany out.

I am well aware of the horrible consequences of such a process to the German population—or at least to the civilians, since the army will always be well fed. I know that it means famine which will hit women and children, the sick and the aged, harder than anyone else. I know how the death rates will shoot up, and how a whole generation will be stunted and sickly. I wish with all my heart that these conditions could be avoided. But the choice—if a phony war is not ended by a phonier peace—is not blockade or fighting; it is blockade and fight, or blockade alone. Of the two, I prefer the second. I should like to see the conflict end, as I hinted above, with a minimum of loss of life. I believe that keeping the war a phony is the way to do it.

I believe, moreover, that the strain of such a war on Hitler will be tremendous, greater than most people realize. The Nazis have to sell themselves to the German people every day, and to do it they must keep moving. They don't dare to stand still; in the quiet when the wheels are not rumbling, people might begin to think. If the enemy sits tight, Hitler's rage will mount, will become nearer to hysterics, may break into public confession of the inward weakness that he has obviously spent the last sixteen years trying to conceal. Meanwhile, the Allies will be getting stronger as Germany gets weaker. And a phony war might end with a fairer set of peace terms than one in which everybody on both sides saw red because he looked through a film of blood.

BRUCE BLIVEN

These Are the People

THE QUESTION asked me most frequently since the Federal Theatre ended is "What will become of the people?" and that is the question with which those of us who have been engaged in the project are most vitally concerned. For the Federal Theatre was set up for people. It was not set up because the government wanted to go into show business or intended to make money by so doing, though ironically enough a number of irate gentlemen on the floor of Congress during June shook their fists at the Federal Theatre, demanding to know why it hadn't made more money.

As a matter of fact, there was no provision in the beginning for the Federal Theatre to take in any money whatsoever. Its job was to employ theatrically trained people from the relief rolls in socially useful ways. This was always considered its chief job, and consequently 65 percent of its productions were free for people who needed entertainment but couldn't afford to pay for it—free to children in orphan asylums and hospitals, free to the aged in institutions, free to the unfortunate in insane asylums and prisons, in all of which places it was increasingly regarded as a valuable therapeutic, social and educational agency.

However, the directors of the project disliked the idea of everything going out and nothing coming in. We believed that certain experiments the Federal Theatre was making would be, in the opinion of the public at large, worth paying for. Therefore we asked permission to charge admission in certain cases, with the hope that we could pay for other than labor costs—that is, scenery, costumes, properties, theatre rentals, royalties to playwrights, transportation and advertising—many of which expenses were difficult to pay for out of government funds. We spent weeks in consultation with WPA financial and Treasury officials and finally worked out a plan whereby admissions could be taken in by a bonded agent cashier and deposited in a national bank, to be available for certain project uses under United States Treasury regulations. Considering the stringency of our Treasury rulings, the insinuations made by members of the Woodrum Committee are too fantastic even for indignation. (May 1, Mr. Taber of New York: "Did you get any idea of what they, Federal Theatre employees, were doing with the money they took in, as to whether they were putting it into the Treasury, or putting it into their pockets?")

In spite of the fact that admissions were charged in only a fraction of Federal Theatre productions, and that these admissions were small, ranging from five

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and ten cents for circuses and marionette shows to a quarter, and from 50 cents to $1.65 for major metropolitan productions, the amount taken in at the time of the closing of the project was approximately two million dollars. Expressed in another way, that means that in the early months of the project operation the government paid 100 percent of the other than labor costs mentioned above; by the end of the second year the project itself was paying 33½ percent of its other than labor costs; by the end of the third year it was paying 50 percent of its other than labor costs; and by June 30, 1939, when Congress ended it, those productions which charged admissions approximated 100 percent—or *all* other than labor costs.

The project was becoming cheaper, because of the fact that the initial expenses necessary to setting up theatres had already been made; box-office receipts, because of the increasing excellence of shows and many long runs of from three to twelve months, were increasing. It was probable that the project would move on to partial liquidation of labor costs also.

However, the irate gentlemen of the Woodrum Committee and their standard bearers in the House and Senate refused to read anything as simple as these facts and figures, all of which had been presented to them. They thundered indignant demands as to why the Federal Theatre had not made more millions and, at the same time, as to why the Federal Theatre had done plays which were so successful that they "competed with private industry."

All this money talk was just dust thrown in the eyes of Congress, which, if it had been informed of the facts by its so-called "fact-finding committee," would most certainly have voted (as its better informed members did vote) to continue the Federal Theatre. For the closing of the Federal Theatre did not save the taxpayers a cent of money. In fact, it cost them money, since, quite aside from the human values we are discussing, it threw into the discard a theatre plant which, through extensive gifts as well as careful buying over a four-year period, was unique and irreplaceable.

No, the reasons motivating the Woodrum Committee were not financial, but political, and as such worth analysis. This article, however, does not propose to discuss those reasons, for we are concerned here not with the cause of the Committee's action, but with its result. The result of closing the Federal Theatre is that 7,900 people, with an average of three dependents each, are now without jobs and will quite probably have to turn to their communities for help.

Ironically enough, these people were thrown out of their jobs in spite of the fact that they had, in the opinion of critics in their own field, members of their own profession and the public in general, done for the most part an excellent job.

I sat in the gallery of the Senate on June 28 and heard Senator Reynolds say, "The difficulty about the Theatre Project is that real actors are not employed." By virtue of being a Senator the gentleman from North Carolina can make any charge, however libelous, with impunity. The men and women he maligned have no recourse. At the moment the Senator made that assertion he had in his possession statements not only from the director of the Federal Theatre, but from the president of the Four A's and from Actors' Equity, saying that the old-line theatrical unions claimed jurisdiction over 85 percent of the Federal Theatre employees. He had statements endorsing the work of Federal Theatre employees from such theatrical authorities as Helen Hayes, Brooks Atkinson, Herman Shumlin, Otis Ferguson, John Gassner, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Benchley, Orson Welles, Frank Gillmore, Lee Shubert, Sam H. Harris, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Eddie Dowling, Victor Moore, Burns Mantle, Raymond Massey and many others. Yet he ignored all of this evidence, as did Congressman Woodrum and his biased committee.

Who are these people? Are they, as Congressman Woodrum alleged on May 1, "fish peddlers, garment workers. . ."? Certainly there is nothing wrong in giving employment to fish peddlers and garment workers, but it was not the job of the Federal Theatre to employ them. It was our job to employ men and women of the theatre profession and that is what we did. Mr. Frank Gillmore, president of the Associated Actors and Artistes of America, testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on Appropriations, said: "I can speak for all of the actors and artistes of America, as I happen to be the accredited head of their organization. . . . The Federal Theatre has been a godsend to my people."

These are the people.

James Brennan, international vice-president of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, testifying before the same committee, said, "I want to talk for the 2,000 stagehands on the Federal Theatre lists. . . ."

These are the people.

The Circus Fans of America, writing to the Senate Committee, said: "The Federal Theatre Circus performers are 100 percent tried-and-true circus performers from the big top."

These are the people.

So impressive was the array of vaudeville talent on the Federal Theatre that in "Two-a-Day," the revue giving the history of vaudeville, written and produced and running for seven months in Los Angeles, many famous headliners were played by themselves.

These are the people.

About 50 percent of the men and women thrown out of work by the ending of the project were performers —actors, singers, pit musicians, dancers. The rest were technicians, stage hands, stage carpenters and elec-

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tricians, ushers, box-office men, maintenance workers, accountants and all the staff necessary to run a theatre under government auspices.

Not all of our artists were to be found on the stage. Every day for four years people entering the New York project offices signed in at the desk of a woman who had once been a famous star. She gradually built up the morale of theatrical people who in the early days used to come to collect their pay checks with veils over their faces, so ashamed were they of being connected with a relief enterprise. I have seen her during the difficult days when at recurrent intervals our office was besieged by desperate men and women who, because of cuts in appropriation, were being thrown off the project. No role she ever acted on Broadway—and she acted many—required more versatility and power. Certainly none was more humanly useful.

These are examples out of hundreds illustrating the professionalism of Federal Theatre workers. It is true that an organization set up necessarily almost overnight to take care of acute human distress also contained some people of inferior talent, some who were lazy, some who were stupid and some who seemed bent, with apparently suicidal intent, upon fomenting trouble. However, any person who made an unbiased study of our project throughout the country would testify to the fact that people in the above categories were the exception rather than the rule, and also to the fact that every effort was being made to retain only such people as were entitled and able to work on a theatre project.

It is true also, that because of the destitution from which many of our people came, some of them were ill, discouraged and in need of special direction. In Los Angeles I listened to a rehearsal of one of our orchestras in an original score being composed on the project for Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." "I'm interested in the flute motif," I said to the conductor. "It is so fleeting that one always wants more." The conductor-composer smiled. "My flutist has a tremor of the lips and can only sustain for a bar at a time. I had to compose with that in mind." It was the job of those of us directing the project so to compose our plans and our plays that they would make assets and not liabilities out of the tremors developed through years of unemployment and despair.

Probably the best evidence of the caliber of Federal Theatre employees and their tremendous gain in health, stamina and talent under government sponsorship, lies in a record of what they actually accomplished. In four years they produced over twelve hundred plays, including an extensive classical cycle, an extensive religious cycle, Americana, modern plays, "Living Newspapers" and dance drama, vaudeville, musical comedy, marionette plays, pageants and circuses. They gave an opportunity to a hundred hitherto-unknown young dramatists, and the list of dramatists whose plays they performed includes almost every American playwright of note from Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch to Sidney Howard, Thornton Wilder, Clifford Odets and Eugene O'Neill. They built, equipped and manned stages in tents, on trucks, on showboats, on platforms in parks, schools, and playgrounds, on overturned tables in remote CCC camps and in the wake of flood and disaster; they reclaimed, literally through their own labor, working long hours without watching the time clock, magnificent old theatres, which, before the government entered the picture, had fallen into disuse and often into decay: the Walnut Street in Philadelphia, the Baker in Denver, the Blackstone and Great Northern in Chicago, the Rialto in Tampa, the Alcazar in San Francisco.

They traveled by truck through the rural areas, in Illinois, Michigan, Maine, New York, Oklahoma. In Florida they covered the turpentine circuit and people came in by ox cart, carrying lanterns, came in barefoot to see Shakespeare.

These people turned out designs, working drawings and blueprints for every conceivable type of play, from marionette shows with scenery which could be carried in a suitcase to a children's hospital, to vast constructions such as the one on which practically the entire state of Arkansas took part in the Federal Theatre production, "Arkansas Sings." They designed, built and painted scenery of every type, from flats and wood wings for plays of an earlier period to the newest type of impressionistic and surrealistic objects. Out of inexpensive material, which their skill made look expensive, they designed and built every type of costume demanded by our extensive repertory, including tailored suits, boots and shoes. They ran electrical shops, turning out and assembling a great deal of our equipment. They ran property shops, making period furniture, drapes and every type of object, from the witch masks for "Macbeth" to the whale in "Pinocchio." They ran print shops for turning out programs, posters and throw-aways. They ran dry-cleaning establishments and laundries for taking care of the thousand of costumes. I shall not soon forget the absorption of a group of older actresses on our Los Angeles project who, no longer able because of physical infirmity to appear on the stage, had developed a jewelry project on which they made out of wax, beads, paste and paint jewelry for all of our projects west of the Mississippi. The crown was for the Red Queen—"Alice in Wonderland" in Seattle; the jeweled robes were for our big Los Angeles production of "Volpone"; San Francisco got the barbaric witch jewels for the forest scene in "Run, Little Children"; and the sparklers were for a Christmas pantomine in Denver.

These Federal Theatre workers set up, developed and ran a service bureau in New York City which read and recommended scripts, typed them and sent them to the field, negotiated with authors and agents, han-

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dled royalties. They engaged in extensive theatre research on the origin, history and development of American folk lore, folk music and drama in the various regions of our country, research so important that it was sponsored by various state universities and requested for the Congressional Library. This bureau received and answered about five thousand inquiries a week. It compiled records, written and photographic, of all FTP activity, running into thousands of volumes.

What is to become of these people? Can they be absorbed by private industry? Before the project closed, 2,660 had been so absorbed. This was because they had, through the Federal Theatre, an opportunity to show commercial managers what they could do. With the closing of the project there is little likelihood of such return to private industry. Over half the plays on Broadway last year employed people from the Federal Theatre. Many others went to jobs in cinema, radio and kindred fields. Some received scholarships for distinguished work in the theatre. Private enterprise bought up "The Swing Mikado," but that is the only instance where a whole company was taken over, because no matter how interested commercial producers are in our shows, such shows are usually too large as to cast (due to our necessity to employ many people) to make our plays practicable commercial ventures.

Can our people be employed in the many fields in which the Federal Theatre has been trying to discover new uses for dramatic talent? That is, can schools, hospitals, social settlements, reform schools, prisons, police departments pay for the theatre services which they have been receiving for several years from Federal Theatre companies? The answer is that they were gradually beginning to do so, but that the experiment was cut short midway.

For example, Federal Theatre marionette companies in Buffalo were so valuable in teaching health to children that the Board of Health paid all their other than labor costs and gave them a place to work. However, it is doubtful whether, much as they wish to do so, they can pay the labor expense involved. In the same way hospitals, prisons and reform schools which at first received our companies very dubiously, have in the past two years come to regard this work as such a therapeutic and morale-building agency, that they pay other than labor costs. However, they cannot as yet pay wages to the people involved. In the same way Boards of Education in Florida, Michigan, Ohio, New York and elsewhere have for several years paid transportation and other costs for our companies touring the schools with classics which they themselves chose. But obviously they cannot, at least as yet, pay wages.

All of these services are valuable and are surely part of the work any government-sponsored theatre should do. It is not, however, a form of work that can become immediately self-supporting.

Can Federal Theatre workers be employed on other government agencies? I had hoped so, but I now know better. During the month of July, in the thirty days in which our small staff in Washington was ordered to liquidate a project involving 7,900 people operating in twenty states, a plant worth, roughly speaking, a million dollars, and some ten thousand volumes of records of the first government-sponsored theatre in the United States, this problem of the reëmployment of the people was the paramount issue. I quote from my final report to Colonel Harrington on this point:

> Plans are under way for transfer of an as yet undetermined number of Federal Theatre personnel to the Historical Record project. The plan includes the immediate setting up of one project to handle the material in Washington; one small project in each state where we have operated; with possible further projects, after the records are set in order, to carry on historical theatre research started by the Federal Theatre.
>
> The Recreation Project intends to absorb, eventually, as high as 25 percent of our personnel, not, of course, in theatre work, but in visual education, recreation and leisure-time activity.
>
> Other personnel we hope will be employed by the National Youth Administration.

It would be pleasant to record that at least part of this plan has been carried out. It has not been carried out. Instead, our Federal Theatre workers are being informed by the Youth Administration, the Recreation Administration and other branches of the FWA that "orders from Washington do not encourage the employment of former Federal Theatre employees and soft-pedal any work in drama whatsoever."

To the question often asked, "why cannot the workers in the art fields turn to jobs on heavy construction," the answer is that they can and do—when they get the chance. However, they are not trained for these jobs, and furthermore the heavy-construction projects have been so seriously cut that they neither need nor want to fill their vacancies with white-collar workers.

No, as citizens we cannot comfort ourselves by the idea that the professional men and women thrown out of their own kind of work by the discriminatory action of Congress can get any kind of work, manual or otherwise, elsewhere. They need work as much as they needed it when the project started. They did their work and, in the opinion of critics in their own field, they did it well. Suddenly, through no fault of their own, because of political maneuvering in which they had no part, they were thrown out of work under circumstances which make it almost impossible for them to be reëmployed.

Let us hope that not only people who care about the theatre in America, but people who care about justice in America, will see to it that when Congress reconvenes the wrong done to 7,900 American citizens is righted.

HALLIE FLANAGAN

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Seamen and Survivors

I WAS A MEMBER of the crew of the steamship "Orizaba," which sailed to Glasgow to return the American survivors of the "Athenia" disaster to the States. The ship, a rusty old tub that had seen transport service in the World War, was owned by the reorganized Ward line, a company which had changed its name after the wreck of the "Morro Castle" and several other ships, all within a year. As I boarded the "Orizaba" I heard the seamen remarking in astonishment on its shabbiness and disrepair.

The United States Lines, a private company heavily subsidized with mail contracts by the federal government, had chartered the boat but ran into difficulty getting a crew. Operating with their traditional policy, they refused to hire Negro seamen, but when it was evident there would be labor trouble, the company broadened its viewpoint to include all American citizens. But as fast as the National Maritime Union sent recruits to the ship, the men streamed back. They refused to sail that vessel to the mine-infested English coast without a bonus and life insurance.

For three days, her stacks smoking, she lay at the dock while the company dickered with the union. How could they pay a bonus, their spokesman said, before the government at Washington had designated war zones? The union decided to leave it up to the seamen; they could sign the articles, at their own risk.

On the dock and aboard ship, officials of the line discussed conditions with the seamen, explaining how the paying of the bonus was being held up by a mere technicality. "You can be sure," I heard one say, "that by the time the ship returns, the bonus will be waiting." The men listened, believed and signed on.

All the way across we worked to get the shambles in order, but the ship was falling apart. The toilets wouldn't flush, water leaked from the network of pipes on the ceiling, dripping on our bunks, and we rigged up buckets and pans to protect ourselves; puddles formed on the steel floor, and because there was no heat the room was always chill and clammy. Also there were short circuits in the lighting system.

There were thirty of us jammed together in double-decked bunks in one dimly lit room; leading off one corner was the toilet, minus a door, so that there was not even a pretense of privacy. The prospect of the bonus was the only silver lining.

The fourth day in Glasgow the passengers boarded. What a mountain of baggage for shipwrecked refugees. We found out that a good half the people herded in were not from the "Athenia," but wealthy, paying passengers from all nations. The cots in the lobbies, alleyways and lounges went to the "Athenia" victims at $190 a head, nearly double the usual fare for a stateroom, and the staterooms went to anybody who could pay the fancy price they had been jacked up to.

(When we negotiated for the bonus before we sailed, we had been called unpatriotic because we haggled for money at the expense of Americans stranded in Europe. The president of our union, Joseph Curran, sent a telegram to President Roosevelt offering to man the ships without wages if the United States Lines would repatriate stranded Americans without charge. The shipowners refused the offer.)

Most of the survivors were middle-aged people and there were many children. The kids ran around carefree, exploring the ship, but the grownups were still jumpy. Some had nervous prostration and stayed in bed; in a few cases they wore their life-preservers even to meals, and scores slept in their clothes.

From the first day the water supply showed signs of giving out and had to be rationed, the pipes being turned on only at certain hours each day. The passengers had to eat in shifts and the waiters and kitchen staff were run ragged getting the food out on time. We worked overtime on a speed-up system, and we all began to look dark under the eyes.

There had been trouble with the electric system right along and at six o'clock one morning the wires short-circuited and the alarm went off. It was a signal for mass hysteria. Men and women, partly dressed, scurried frantically, grabbing life-preservers, yelling and crying. One woman just sat in a chair and kept shrieking, "I'm going to die this time. I'm going to die." A couple had to be restrained from jumping overboard. The crew had a hard job calming them down. Still floodlighted in the early dawn, to assure submarines of her identity, the "Orizaba" wallowed on.

The night before arrival there was an elaborate farewell dinner and the waiters nearly broke their backs for the final effort. Their worst fears were realized. There were hardly any tips. The "Athenia" victims simply were broke and the other passengers, taking their cue from the general destitution, skunked the boys. Some said they were broke and that we were getting a big bonus anyway. Passenger-ship workers are largely dependent on tips because the base pay is low, and that night the men were bitter. They had worked almost for charity.

Crowds swarmed on the dock and reporters moved around briskly, flanked by photographers. The company, the reporters told us, refused to pay a cent for bonus and the ship was to be laid up. It turned out that they even refused to pay us in full the overtime we had sweated for.

The next morning in my furnished room near Ninth Avenue I read a newspaper account of our arrival. "Even hardened seamen had tears in their eyes when the 'Athenia' victims were reunited with their families." That was a lie. We went grumbling and cursing down the dock, carrying our bags and thinking of the lonely dollars in our pocket.

JUSTUS KATES

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September: 1939

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade:
Waves of anger and fear
Circulate over the bright
And darkened lands of the earth
Obsessing our private lives;
The unmentionable odor of death
Offends the September night.

Accurate scholarship can
Unearth the whole offense
From Luther until now
That has driven a culture mad,
Find what occurred at Linz
What huge imago made
A psychopathic god:
I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn;
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.

Exiled Thucydides knew
All that a speech can say
About democracy,
And what dictators do,
The elderly rubbish they talk
To an apathetic grave;
Analyzed all in his book,
The enlightenment driven away,
The habit-forming pain
Mismanagement and grief:
We must suffer them all again.

Into this neutral air
Where blind skyscrapers use
Their full height to proclaim
The strength of Collective Man,
Each language pours its vain
Competitive excuse;
But who can live for long
In an euphoric dream?
Out of the mirror they stare,
Imperialism's face
And the international wrong.

Faces along the bar
Cling to their average day:
The lights must never go out,
The music must always play
And all the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home;
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

The windiest militant trash
Important Persons shout
Is not so crude as our wish:
What mad Nijinsky wrote
About Diaghilev
Is true of the normal heart;
The error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love,
But to be loved alone.

From the conservative dark
Into the ethical life
The dense commuters come
Repeating their morning vow,
"I *will* be true to the wife,
I'll concentrate more on my work,"
And helpless governors wake
To resume their compulsory game:
Who can release them now,
Who can reach the deaf,
Who can speak for the dumb?

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual Man-in-the-street,
The lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police,
We must love one another or die.

Defenseless under the night
Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironic points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:
May I, composed like them
Of Eros and of dust,
Beleaguered by the same
Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.

W. H. AUDEN

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Shoot the Works

I Can Hear You Plainly

THE ARGUMENT that the present war is purely a dispute about European problems which touches us in no way is belied by the attitude of the people. Even the neutrals are becoming so passionate that they are knocking people down in their eagerness to prove that no American should get excited.

I remember well the early days of the smaller conflict which began in 1914. It moved me to become a street-corner debater. But I lived in Eighty-fifth Street, which was considered way up town, and I had to travel to Times Square to pick up an argument. There was a forum around the Times Building, where bulletins were flashed, and from noon to midnight it was possible to pick an adversary who would discuss with acrimony any phase of the European situation you cared to bring up.

But beyond the borders of New York I found nothing like this. On trains the casual stranger still talked about the weather and the World's Series, and the current heavyweight bouts commanded their full share of attention. Now no American need walk a mile, or any fraction thereof, to get into a contention concerning Hitler, Stalin or Chamberlain. Indeed he can't avoid it.

It may be said that to some extent the difference in the range and volume of passion can be explained by the development of the radio. None of us ever heard the voice of Wilhelm, but the tones of Hitler are familiar in every household. And even while it was being wracked by bombers it was possible for someone in South Dakota to bring Warsaw into his lap.

Granted all this, it seems to me that the surfbeat which is evident in our local waters is due in large measure to the fact that here are issues which cut deeper. Mr. Borah could, conceivably, be right in his opinion as to the form of neutrality legislation best shaped to keep us out of war. But he starts with the wrong premise and with the wrong foot. It has always been my feeling that, no matter how exalted his motives, the gentleman from Idaho was tragically mistaken in his fight against the League of Nations. The fact that the echoes of war and the very threat of war are again upon our doorstep seems to me to prove that the sort of isolation which Johnson, Borah and the other diehards imposed upon America furnished insufficient security.

But not all the muddy thinking and talking today is done by Senators. An able labor leader like Michael Quill attempts to dismiss all American concern in the conflict by saying, "Chamberlain is just as bad as Hitler." This is what might be called "headline psychology." It is quite true that Der Führer himself has encouraged this kind of expression, since in broadcasts he invariably discusses world politics much after the manner of a Broadway columnist listing his scoops. The listener hears a voice proclaim that "I have been patient," or "I will never take off the uniform," or "They forced me to act." Nevertheless, it is stupid for responsible English ministers to take tone from this bombast and announce that England is fighting not Germany but Adolf Hitler. It is well enough to pass around the leaflets in an effort to convince the German people that they are not the obstacles standing between the world and peace. But Chamberlain will be badly advised if he does not make the point more clear that Hitlerism is the issue. Surely the struggle between diverse systems of government, economics and life itself would still exist if the Reich were led by Hess or Goering or any other faithful follower of the Nazi philosophy. It should be just as obvious that Chamberlain, for weal or woe, is no more than a cog in the conflict. And for that matter, the precise personality of Stalin is not the epoch-making factor.

"Ideology" is a fancy word once confined almost exclusively to left-wing intellectuals. Now the man in the street is beginning to employ it, and until he finds a better word he must continue to use it. Beyond denial, the ideologies have come upon us with a force and fury never before known in America. Although we are out already we have been gravely hurt. The glib prediction of the Communists that at the very least the Russo-German pact was helpful to America does not seem true. The clash of ideas abroad has loosed and heightened evil currents here at home.

Anti-Semitism, for instance, is on the rise. There is no logical reason for this. Many of the arguments of the Coughlinites no longer hold as much as a drop of water. But by using vitriol as a substitute, the same old pleas are passed around. The ancient formula was that something must be said for Hitler since he was the scourge of Bolshevism, and the Jew and the Communist were used as interchangeable. Today we find the Pope offering consolation to Polish refugees and assuring them that Poland will live again. The Church can hardly applaud the fact that Poland is now partitioned between the Reich and Russia. But even now Charles E. Coughlin continues to look with favor on the economic theories of Hitler and to slap him, ever so lightly, on the wrist because of his "methods."

It is possible that Hitler exaggerates the closeness of Germany's bond with Russia and that his threat of Soviet participation along the Westwall may prove to be untrue. But obviously he seeks to flatter and to pour the oil of admiration at all times on the strength, might and wisdom of his new ally. Nevertheless, Jew-baiting has been frequent in the Nazi press and in statements direct from Hitler. But by one of those quick changes, the German propagandist assigns the quarry to a new country. "The Russian Jewish Communist" who figured so largely in the propaganda of Goebbels is never mentioned any more. Now the German wrath goes out against "the English Jews who brought on the war." Chamberlain and Churchill, watch your step!

It should be evident by now, even to the meanest intelligence, that the "Jew" of Hitler's propaganda has always been a mythical figure. Here was a whipping boy conjured up as a sacrifice to national sadism. But is the American anti-Semite stopped in his tracks or even impelled to slow up? He is not. Unfortunately, below the level of "the meanest intelligence" there are many who are studying to be morons in spite of the fact that they will never make the grade. HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Ordeal by Lung-Power

THE CIRCUMSTANCES under which the administration's arms-embargo strategy was devised have been kept a strict secret. It is unlike that of previous fights. With heroic self-control, Mr. Roosevelt and his aides are remaining completely, if nervously, passive. It is possible that this behavior was imposed on them by the deceptively mild Mr. Hull and his great crony, Mr. Key Pittman. Conceivably they told Mr. Roosevelt: "We'll get you a bill, but you keep out."

In these matters, Mr. Pittman has a serpent's wisdom, but he is also a light-hearted soul, with little stomach for the drudgeries of leadership. After an anxious process of elimination, Mr. Connally of Texas was picked to substitute for him as defender of the administration's bill. Mr. Connally's chief recommendation is an ability to swap catch-as-catch-can insults with Messrs. La Follette, Vandenberg and Clark, the most feared of the embargo-keepers. He also has the confidence of anti-New Deal Southern Democrats and is something of an expert on foreign policy.

Mr. Connally's principal helper is Senator Byrnes, who acts as a sort of personnel manager. He decides the order in which men shall speak on the Senate floor, and also does Salvation-Army-lassie work among the uncommitted and waverers. In this, Vice President Garner carries an unexpected tambourine.

The opposition group—the isolationists—have had a continuous run of bad luck. The day the special session opened, Washington was filled by Mr. Joseph McWilliams' Christian Mobilizers. Husky men and women, screaming and brandishing their fists, pursued overweight legislators up and down the corridors of the Senate and House office buildings. It was altogether unfortunate. Secretary Ickes hastily granted Mr. McWilliams a permit to hold meetings in the Washington parks, in the barely concealed hope that he could be publicized as the chief of the isolationist forces. Apparently, however, the Christian Mobilizers lacked the necessary meal and hotel money to remain in Washington, and the public meetings fizzled out.

The activities of Mr. McWilliams' pal, Father Coughlin, although formidable at first, have likewise hurt the isolationists. According to sample counts that have been made, Father Coughlin seems to have been responsible for something less than a quarter of the mail reaching Congress. For a time, nevertheless, the administration was immensely worried, and the White House aides seem to have gone into action, the only time, so far, that they have. According to report, they were responsible for the endorsement of the administration's bill given by Cardinal Mundelein on his deathbed, and, through him, for a subsequent article in the Osservatore Romano, supposedly reflecting the view of the Vatican. The result of Father Coughlin's spanking has been to turn Catholics in Congress away from the isolationist cause.

Former Governor Philip La Follette was the center of a much more serious mix-up. With vast enthusiasm, he descended on Washington, proposing the building up of a nationwide organization to fight involvement in war. He seems to have had the backing of the imaginative, resourceful Mr. Jay Hormel, of the Minnesota packing family, and of many other influential persons. It is reported, however, that Mr. La Follette's plans were received with extreme frigidity by the Republicans isolationists, notably Mr. Vandenberg. Mr. La Follette's political gifts are deeply respected, and as much as the Republicans wish to prevent the country from slipping into war, they are apparently still more anxious to prevent the rise of a La Follette-dominated third party. All this, it must be explained, has not lessened the regard of the isolationist bloc for Mr. La Follette's brother, Senator Bob. The latter has flung himself into a day-and-night study of neutrality and our experience in the 1914-18 war, and is the fact-and-idea man for the group.

The administration's scheme to establish a "safety belt" six hundred miles in width—not two hundred, as was said in these Notes last week—around the North and South American continents has raised unanticipated problems. Apparently some ninety-eight German merchantmen, now hiding in South American harbors, would be enabled to sail the waters of this hemisphere, placidly engaging in propaganda and espionage as they went. There is also the difficulty, which Mr. Roosevelt says he will ignore, that no funds exist to outfit the forty decommissioned destroyers that are to patrol our share of the safety zone. As these Notes are written, it is not yet established whether the German pocket battleship, "Admiral Scheer," is in Brazilian waters. The "Admiral Scheer" mounts eleven-inch guns, capable of blowing any dozen First World War destroyers out of the water, and it is unlikely that Mr. Roosevelt foresaw that so formidable a vessel might be encountered on the proposed patrol job.

However, administration spokesmen have at last consented to explain the object sought in the safety-belt plan. In the simplest terms, it is to provide a legal justification by which the United States navy may attack German submarine tenders, if they exist, among the islands of the Caribbean. The Caribbean, and a strip of the Atlantic Ocean to the east of it, are now the joint territorial waters of the American republics. Warships of belligerent powers—specifically German submarines—may enter these waters for a number of legal reasons: to seek safety from a storm, to hospitalize wounded men, to replenish stores of drinking water. But, according to one of the best-established rules of international law, no vessel of a belligerent power—a German submarine tender—may remain in our territorial waters for the purpose of supplying munitions—torpedoes—to a belligerent warship. Government experts believe that the safety-belt plan, which has been approved by twenty-one nations at the Panama City conference, would permit our destroyers to order a German submarine tender, if one were encountered, into the nearest United States port, and, if it tried to escape, would justify them in attacking and sinking it.

Most readers are aware that relations between the White House and some of the top officials of the CIO have been strained for many months. At least two things need to be said. Agents of the White House have busily spread the rumor that Mr. Lewis is pledged to support Senator Burt

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Wheeler for the Democratic presidential nomination next spring. Apparently Mr. Wheeler is an active presidential candidate; his recent ceremonial visit to his Massachusetts birthplace seems sufficient proof. But, with some authority, it may be said that Mr. Lewis is not yet committed to his support. It also needs to be said that administration representatives have tried to create a division between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Sidney Hillman, the latter of whom has publicly announced his devotion to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hillman doubtless disagrees with Mr. Lewis occasionally, but quite definitely it may be said that no split between the two CIO leaders exists, or is likely.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Keep the Bankers Out

One of our New York investment banking houses has issued a pamphlet, which will doubtless get large newspaper support, designed to prove that it is better to let corporation executives pick out their favorite banker to handle their financing than to let out their security issues to the lowest bidder.

The pamphlet starts out logically enough by enumerating the alleged advantages of competitive bidding. Having done this, it proceeds to kick them about and knock them all down over a course which runs for sixty-seven pages. The arguments for competitive bidding thus listed are: it will realize higher prices for bonds for the issuer, broader market for securities, assurance of arm's-length bargaining, smaller costs of underwriting.

The singular thing about this list is that it omits the most important—perhaps the only important—argument in favor of competitive bidding, namely, the emancipation of the corporation from the domination of the banker. The chief reason for competitive bidding is to get the banker out of the corporation's hair, to reduce him to a state of supplier of materials who will be satisfied to furnish money to the corporation and get paid for it without exacting as a further condition of his aid that he shall horn in on the control of the corporation to exploit it for the numerous other profits he can make out of it.

On the question of the cost of distributing securities, the writer makes two very curious arguments. One argument is that the corporation will not be able to get a higher price for its securities, but instead will have to be content with less. The other argument is that this competitive plan will tend to eliminate the small dealer. But lo and behold! The reason the small dealer will be eliminated is because the spread between the price paid the corporation by the dealer and the price at which he sells will be so small that the small dealer cannot subsist on it.

Now here are two arguments which cannot stand together. One is that the banker in competitive bidding will have to bid less for the securities because of the higher costs. The other is that the banker will have to bid more because of the competition. In one section the writer argues that competitive bidding will increase the costs of the banker in distribution, while in the next section, to support another argument, he says that competitive bidding tends to compel the banker "to work for a minimum gross profit" and, to do this, to "reduce distribution costs to a minimum."

Of course this latter contention is logical but it completely negatives the high-price theory of competitive bidding. The argument pointed up by the low-price theory is that it will drive out the small bankers. Drive out the little fellows! A table in the pamphlet reveals that 78 percent of the corporate issues are in sums of $10,000,000 and more. There are not many little fellows dealing in this kind of money. As a matter of fact, the pamphlet itself reveals that there are only about 250 firms in the entire country dealing in issues of $1,000,000 or more, and if we had the figures on those handling $10,000,000 and more it would doubtless be very much smaller. There are a great many others who act as dealers. But the number of underwriters is very small. According to this pamphlet, 66 percent of all the issues were handled by just twenty underwriters and 31 percent by only five. I should think the little fellow has already decamped.

But all this is really beside the point when compared with the important reason for competitive bidding, which is to rid the corporation of the banker incubus. Of course it is hardly necessary to say that all bankers are not gluttons and that it is possible to conceive of circumstances where corporations have been substantially aided by bankers who were trusted by them and who did not abuse that trust. But it is also unfortunately possible to cite innumerable instances of banker connections which have resulted not in losses through the commissions charged on individual bond issues but upon exploitive practices which bankers were able to employ because of their continuing exclusive relationship to such corporations.

This is particularly true in the case of stock issues, where shares are taken by the bankers at one price and then, after market manipulations, unloaded on the public at a greatly advanced price. This is also done with bonds, particularly in unfavorable markets.

But beyond that, the banker, or at least some bankers, get to look upon their corporations as birds to be plucked. Under the guise of offering the buyers of securities a continuing supervision of the collateral behind their investments, they establish close and often dominating intimacies with directors, collaborate with management in all sorts of dubious enterprises, and when the corporation succumbs to the wounds thus inflicted on it and enters into the limbo of reorganization, they are on the spot to repeat the process of milking it and its stockholders.

What is the use at this day, in the presence of the record of the last twenty years, to ask for examples? I have at frequent intervals described many in this column. The simple fact is that even if competitive bidding on the issuance of corporate securities turned out to be more expensive than the exclusive banker method, the extra cost would be justified as insurance against the banker-partnership in business.

Competitive bidding is a step in the direction of that relationship which Owen D. Young described as a desirable one ten years ago, in which the supplier of money will be like the supplier of any of the other raw materials that go into production. JOHN T. FLYNN

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Three for the Show

WARNERS have made some fine pictures. In fact, we can forget about the press releases that Chaplin refuses to release all over the papers for the three to ten years it takes him to make another Keystone social document, and admit that for film stories with some kind of swift kick to them, the Warner brothers have been consistently leaving the field behind. But there are two things the Warners aren't very clear about. The first is where to start and the second is where to stop. Their latest action picture, "Espionage Agent," runs off under Lloyd Bacon at a good clip. But it talks. It is right on the Daily Mirror headlines and all about the Predatory Powers and what their trickiness can almost do to a fine young fellow like Joel McCrea. But it has to take a stand too, and so its throat is full of the demand that Congress do something about something.

I'm afraid it won't do and I'm afraid we are in for a lot more of and worse than the same. The thing is still relatively harmless. It shows the young Eagle Scouts of the diplomatic service being given a lecture on "our" interests that may very well be true to life and may as easily have been written by Winston Churchill; it shows death defied in the preservation of our Industrial Mobilization Plan; it keeps saying we are lenient fools about the peeping Fritz. But the implication is that it would be a lovely world if it weren't for the G-rm-n people, a shilly-shally Congress, and perhaps a little too much freedom. (The dirty work, incidentally, is done under cover of a peace organization.) That's all very up-to-the-minute, and probably quite a relief to the producers after the humdrum of figuring out new titles for the old prison-break epic. The point is that just now happens to be a very dangerous minute.

There isn't much we can do about it, except finding something else to do when "Espionage Agent" is around the corner—and it is too bad to miss it in a way, for it is steadily fascinating stuff: ciphers, agents, a very intricate chase, etc. And in a way we can't blame Hollywood for it: we've been yelling for movies to take their material from the facts of contemporary society for years. Now that the war is on they'll be only too happy to oblige, and first thing you know the more impressionable are going to want to get out and kill somebody. The only trouble with movies having a point is the numb fumbling likely to be done when they come to the point itself—Hollywood being so huge and with so many different mental levels. Even our socially conscious friends, I believe, have heard of the rather depressing story of what happened to a Mr. Frankenstein.

The newest trick to be turned in films sounds almost like a you-too-can-make-movies ad. "I Met a Murderer" was made on less than a shoestring by three English people, two of whom wrote it and acted the main parts in it, the other of whom directed, adapted, photographed and what not: Roy and Pamela Kellino and James Mason. It was practically all taken outdoors and is all the better for that, for there has rarely been so much simple and beautiful countryside worked into a film background with so much good sense in the setting up and use of the camera. But it is principally a story film, and quite fast at that, and this is where it parts company with the average independent effort. (Pictures like "Elephant Boy" and "The Edge of the World" had stories, but you never forgot that the action was a mere brusque excuse for the travelogue element, and moved like oatmeal.)

"I Met a Murderer" is Hollywood's own game, and the surprising thing is that it rattles right along as though it never heard of the amateur in art (which is a fine thing not to hear of). It is rather steeply on the psychological side: a man kills and buries an impossible wife, he is about to be discovered, he lights out into the country. He meets a gal writer vacationing in what they designate as a caravan—though after you have waited long enough for the camels to show up you will spot the outfit for a small car with a trailer. From there on it is a matter of love with a chase angle, until the pack closes in at the end—which trails off into several loose ones, and the chap swims more and more feebly out to sea.

I haven't the figures on audience reaction yet, but I'd say this is one of the very few "outside" ventures good enough to move on its own wheels among the general, or double-bill, population. It could be tightened and pointed up, naturally; but it has the right idea and some ideas of its own into the bargain—the lovely country, the necessary (as opposed to supernumerary) symbol, a sense of the common and absurd things that can become intolerable or elevating in actual life. You too can make a picture—if you only have the sense of what pictures are about.

I enjoyed George Abbott's new production for Times Square, "See My Lawyer," though how much it adds to eternal gayety I couldn't say. It is a comedy story about some very broke young legal minds and a fabulous wealthy screwball they land as a client. The young heir provides the best of the laughs, and the rumor is that his part was drawn from the life of Tommy Manville—which isn't true creation, is it? But they have jigsawed around until everything fits neatly, and on the whole it makes a pleasanter evening in a theatre seat than I have spent at many evenings supposed to be memorable. "What a Life" had a fresher air, and more of it; but it was also unobtrusive and no great shriek with anyone but the public (of which you can at times count me a member). The public kept it hanging around Broadway forever. And it is Ezra Stone, the juvenile near-delinquent from that other Abbott play, who directs this one, quite briskly. I like his work: he is younger than Orson Welles and at the same time he isn't Orson Welles. He isn't Maurice Evans and he isn't Raymond Massey. He hasn't said anything about doing the complete Shakespeare or learning about poetry so he can interpret Maxwellhouse Anderson. I'm an Ezra Stone man, I guess.

It is pretty straight farce comedy and even the love interest keeps at a negligible temperature. But it never gets out over its head and is a model of stage contriving—somebody coming in all the time, that is, in spite of one set and seven or eight characters throughout. Milton Berle is right for the lead; Teddy Hart works too hard; the minor types are good; Eddie Nugent and Millard Mitchell are the best in the play for me—the first for his dapper insanity, the other just for his easy presence. It was written by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork, and if you want to know more about it, inquire at the Biltmore Theatre: I'm afraid they have a few seats available.

OTIS FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

MUST RENT small modern estate [Libertyville]. 9 rm. home, attached green hse., gardens, children's play house, orchard, bombproof shelter. – *Classified ad in The Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

Dies Committee Hot on Scent

If the Dies Committee wants to know the truth about Rasputin, the "holy devil" of Imperial Russia, whose name came into the testimony of Joseph Dalinda on Wednesday, Harry Baur's new screen portrayal will be made available, it was announced today by Concord Films, Inc., importers of the film. – *From a publicity sheet released by Concord Films.*

This Is Getting Serious

Advocates of the revision sought by the President have not yet become highly audible. On the other hand, Congress came to the joint session Thursday from offices flooded with letters and telegrams—many of them spontaneous. – *Arthur Krock in The New York Times.*

Fallen-Archness Department

Among the many regulations which the war has necessitated, there is none which calls upon the public to cease wearing clothes. It might be a good idea to forbid the wearing of old clothes, for think what a sense of confidence and security a new suit gives. . . . It would be almost a foul to be struck while wearing a new Goss suit. – *From a half-page ad inserted in The New Statesman and Nation by T. Goss Tailoring, of London.*

Gad Sir, a Cad Sir

But what is astonishing is to find in all ranks [of the British troops in France] a conception of what this war is about which is not in the least naïve. These men are all as indignant as Neville Chamberlain at what they call the "blasted bad manners of Hitler and his crew." – *P. J. Philip in The New York Times.*

When Does the Raping Begin?

"War stimulates love and fashions," Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, editor of Vogue, told members of the Fashion Group. . . . Because this war seems to be cut on a completely new pattern, Mrs. Chase predicts some strange new fashions. "In some smart London flats the young women are saying, 'Oh, I really can't be seen in those pajamas again. I wore them in the last raid.' " – *News item in The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Distinct Disservice

SIR: Mme. Genevieve Tabouis may be a highly dependable journalist, but it is somewhat annoying to read her attempt to explain the real motives behind Stalin's approval of the Nazi pact. Her analysis is but a wild guess, unsupported by the slightest shred of evidence. When she tells us that *ultimately* Stalin intends to crush Hitler, it is quite likely that she is indulging in some pathetic wishful thinking. In trying to create the illusion that she has secret avenues of information which enable her to gauge the workings of Stalin's mind she is doing her readers a distinct journalistic disservice by awakening false hopes.

New York City B. HOUSMAN

We'll Settle for Jersey City

SIR: After reading the circulation department's ad on the back of your September 20 issue I might suggest that you send the copy writer a complimentary copy of a good geography text and, to quote the ad, "add a few tactful words about the value of education."

In using the name of Mozambique as a symbol of incomprehension he has done several spots in that territory a certain injustice. Lorenzo Marques, I'll have him know, is known as the Monte Carlo of East Africa . . . and what they don't know there is not, in a sailor's way of thinking (and that probably goes for enlightened school teachers), worth knowing.

If the reference was to the island of Mozambique rather than to the territory, I might still say that the metaphor is not up to New Republic par despite the fact that savages in gee strings sometimes march through the town carrying bows and arrows. If one is really bent on finding a place to correspond to the degree of mental dark ages which has never heard of The New Republic he can certainly do better than pick on a port where something like eight Imperial Airways flying boats put in during a week.

Next time try Kaibola or Mbenga.

GERRY MEFFERD

New York City Mate of the Yacht "Hurricane"

We Didn't Raise Boys to Be Soldiers

SIR: I beg leave to quarrel with your analysis of recent Soviet policy and with your current interpretation of world events. I don't imply that German fascism will murder British imperialism. The latter has been rotting for a long, long time.

Just now I fear the Roosevelt administration is skating on dangerously thin international ice. Two years ago, before Munich, we might have taken a successful stand to stop aggression. We might have sent manufactured products and raw materials to the Spanish Republic, a democracy which was conceivably worth fighting for. If Spain and Czecho-Slovakia had been saved, Hitler might have stubbed his toe long ago. Today we can only pull English chestnuts out of the fire. And while I try to maintain an academic interest in all kinds of chestnuts, as an American I am willing to fight only for American chestnuts. It is absurd to maintain that, with a whole continent to police

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and repress, Germany could think of sending troops to the Western Hemisphere. Today we are in less danger of a war of aggression, fought on American soil, than we were in Washington's time. Yet, as Professor Beard has pointed out, Washington laid down a policy of isolationism which was successfully followed by the United States throughout the nineteenth century.

American boys and American resources must not again be sacrificed for the cynical old men of England. Eventually the peoples themselves will act as the hangmen of world capitalism.

San Pedro, Calif. ALEXANDER M. T. GREER

Well All Right Then

SIR: I was very much interested in the slightly "blue" tiff between Wilder Hobson and Otis Ferguson [over Hobson's "American Jazz Music," in the issue of August 30]. Skipping the Hammond business, I do not believe that there is much room for debate over Ferguson's chief contention—the dearth of background detail. At the same time Hobson deserves no more censure than any other member of the writing gentry.

The little tales and Remus stories that pass for historical data in most of the tomes seem hardly sufficient to cover a medium of such significance. Not that these stories are without foundation, but from a scientific point of view they are insufficient. It is high time that some ranking anthropologist—perhaps Herskovits of Northwestern—should spend several years in research. I would like to see the same high-grade discussions of background detail that some of our modern historians are finally giving to "straight" music.

And let not Mr. Ferguson belittle the power of the ear! One does not scribble with it, true enough, but without the ability to *hear* we would not be able to discern the difference between a Mascagni creation and Brahms.

Chicago, Ill. FRED E. GLOTZER

Whose Stalin Do You Read?

SIR: I was thoroughly disappointed in the review tendered to Souvarine's "Stalin," by Frederick L. Schuman [The New Republic, October 4]. In his attempt to be funny, he does not offer one constructive analysis of any particular phase of the book. I have had the privilege of reading this volume and never have I felt so enlightened as to the Russian enigma as I am today. Not only is Stalin dissected as an individual, but the whole Bolshevist movement, its philosophies and tactics are given a shrewd going over. Souvarine was too important a figure in the Russian revolutionary movement to be discarded so lightly. The book is a classic of the revolutionary movement. It will rank with "The Prince," for Stalin makes Machiavelli look like a school teacher.

ABRAM LASKY

New York City Asst. Research Director, Rand School Library

Why We Fought

SIR: TRB writes in your issue of September 27 about the "silly merchant-of-death stories that became a fad at the time of the [Nye] investigation." He points out that the psychological climate needed for our entry into the war was created by high farm prices, high industrial wages and profits.

May I suggest that "Merchants of Death" (the book written by Frank Hanighen and myself) is in substantial agreement with TRB's analysis. It pointed out that in the sales made to the Allies from 1914 to our entry into the war, amounting to $10,500,000,000, only about $1,500,000,000 consisted of armaments. The rest was wheat, corn, barley, cotton, iron, steel, copper, brass, wire, chemicals, leather, shoes, horses, mules, machinery, etc. It showed further that the enormous volume of foreign trade created a shortage at home and that the profits derived from the high prices in domestic trade "far outweighed the profits from the traffic with the Allies."

The fight against the sale of finished arms (15 percent of the war traffic of 1914-16) as a move to keep us out of war seems rather like shadow-boxing, particularly since 85 percent of the traffic is not on a cash-and-carry basis in the present law.

New York City H. C. ENGELBRECHT

From The New Republic Mail Bag

We have another letter addressed to The Jew Republic, this one from Robert V. Costello of New York City. He doesn't like at all what we said about Wilson's Fourteen Points "on a basis of which the Armistice was signed." . . . James Peter Cooney sends us word of a new wrinkle in the conscientious-objector cause. In Woodstock, New York, they have organized a non-conscriptable league (of which Mr. Cooney is the secretary). Members are pledged to defy and resist any attempt to force them to take part "in the insane chaos of war's destruction and murder." . . . W. Francis Potter of Boston reports seeing more clearly than ever the "dangers of liberalism . . . in the coming storms. Remember, the rosy glasses of impartiality can cloud and confuse the vision," he says. We don't know just where to find Mr. Potter, as his letter leads off with a smart rap against our partiality in disliking the Russo-German pact. . . . The New York Chapter of the League of American Writers announces its fall courses in how to write, conducted by specialists as varied as W. H. Auden and authorities on pulp, play and radio writing. Address Writers' School, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. . . . We are still digging our way out from under the flood of letters telling us what to do about neutrality—few of them less than 1,500 words long. The general tenor on the subject of war is that the writers are against it. Our San Francisco correspondent is still writing us letters not only against war but against us, man for man. He says we are leading the United States to war and is about to have kittens.

The Seventh International Congress of Genetics, meeting in Edinburgh, was asked by Science Service of Washington, D. C., how in effect the race could be improved. The answer, which was signed by twenty-one ranking scientists (Hogben, Haldane, Huxley, etc.) and of which they are sending out copies, is a 1,500-word statement of the awareness of science to world conditions. In a word: the race can be improved genetically when enough people have enough time off from war and hunger to think about it.

Parcel-Post Mailbag. – Belle Bruck, of New York City, sent us a Bandwagon item which lay around the office in plain sight and proved too much for our anti-poetry editor, who wrote a poem. We print the cause and result in that order with no further comment:

This washerwoman sings at her work, even when her toes are sticking out of her dilapidated shoes. . . . Could you go to work singing with your toes sticking out of your shoes? If you can, you can succeed at a thousand jobs, and you will be welcome wherever you are, whatever you choose to do. – *Dale Carnegie writing on "What Can I Do for a Living?" in Woman's Day.*

Wrings in Her Fingers and Room for Her Toes

Unless this rare cuck-o
Is badly mistook-o
You can win many friends as a lark;
You can push a wet mop-o
With rarely a stop-o
And your frostbite's no worse than your bark.

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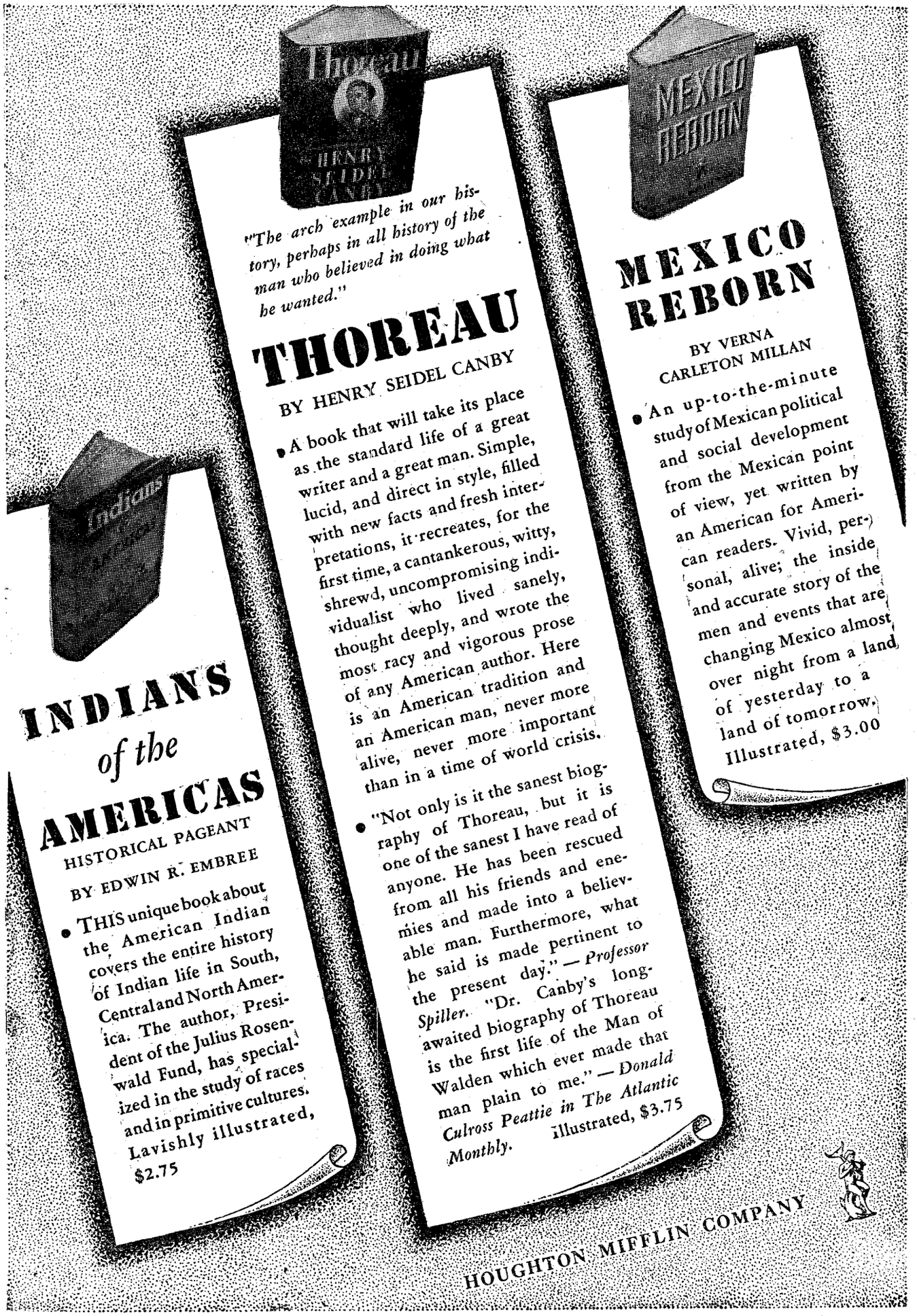

"The arch example in our history, perhaps in all history of the man who believed in doing what he wanted."

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• "Not only is it the sanest biography of Thoreau, but it is one of the sanest I have read of anyone. He has been rescued from all his friends and enemies and made into a believable man. Furthermore, what he said is made pertinent to the present day." — *Professor Spiller.* "Dr. Canby's long-awaited biography of Thoreau is the first life of the Man of Walden which ever made that man plain to me." — *Donald Culross Peattie in The Atlantic Monthly.* Illustrated, $3.75

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Fall Book Number

The Father of Power Politics

THERE IS NO ONE in the history of ideas whose thought is more contemporary than that of a minor official in Renaissance Florence called Niccolo Machiavelli. His portrait shows a thin-faced pale little man, with sharp nose, sunken cheeks, subtle lips, large mouth, an enigmatic smile, and piercing black eyes that look as if they knew much more than they were willing to tell. He clung for fourteen years, from 1498 to 1512, to a job as secretary of the Second Chancery, which meant a massive load of administrative work for the Florentine state with little prestige or recognition. But he loved it because it enabled him to study the mechanisms of power and observe what it was that made it tick. Those on the inside knew his ability and sent him on difficult diplomatic missions where it was skill and patience and not front that counted. He always acquitted himself well, he met and studied the movers and shakers of the world, and the narrow horizon of the Florentine expanded into the vistas of the new European state system. When he lost his job because of the turn of the political wheel in Florence he moped for fifteen years, writing books on politics when he would have preferred to draw up documents and reports and be part of politics. Even on his deathbed in 1527, at the age of fifty-eight, he still hoped that somehow his friends would succeed in restoring him to his secretaryship.

This was the man who ranks today by a wide consensus as the greatest figure in the realistic tradition of political theory. Every period of world upheaval plays havoc not only with the world's present but with the picture it has of its past. The events of the past quarter-century have destroyed some resplendent reputations in the history of ideas, but they have only reënforced the many-sidedness of Machiavelli's genius. In an age of power politics it is inevitable for us to turn again to the father of power politics, from whom the Bismarcks, Clemenceaus, Lenins, Chamberlains, Mussolinis, Hitlers and Stalins of our time are descended. Without Machiavelli there would still have been the western state-system, founded on a curious mixture of force, fraud and idealism. But it was Machiavelli who set down in the pages of "The Prince" and the "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy" the deathless analysis of how power is won, lost, retained, consolidated, transformed, and what it is that moves men to obey, fight, betray and revolt. The moralizers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries professed horror at his plain-spoken quality, and the term Machiavellianism entered the vocabulary of every western nation to connote a devilish craftiness. Yet we find in the twentieth century that the amoral clarity with which Machiavelli viewed events is still the soundest way of understanding them, and that if he did not see the whole truth about politics he saw the least dispensable part of it.

In the last decade, in addition to the vast literature on Machiavelli in Italian, French and German, there has been a spate of studies available in English: Laski's and T. S. Eliot's essays, Wyndham Lewis' "The Lion and the Fox," Mario Praz's monograph on Machiavelli and the Elizabethans, and Ferrara's on Machiavelli's private correspondence, Ralph Roeder's two notable portraits of him in "The Man of the Renaissance," recent full-length biographies by Dorothy Muir and Jeffrey Pulver, and an interesting study last year by Allan Gilbert showing "The Prince" to be part of a body of traditional literature on how princes should govern. What then does Mr. Marcu's new biography[1] add?

It is not a pretentious biography. There are few of the tricks in it that we have come to associate with the art of modern biography; no psychoanalysis, no debunking, no glorifying, no writing down and no playing up. The author has a terse, stripped, epigrammatic style, and he treats his subject with economy and dignity. Unfortunately one result is that Machiavelli does not quite come alive. Another is that there is not nearly so much discussion of his books as we should like. There is astonishingly little on "The Prince" itself, and even less on the "Discourses," the "Art of War" and the "History of Florence." But if we do not get the personality and the writings, we get something else—the mode and pace of living in Florence, the diplomatic intrigues and maneuvers, the times, the politics, and Machiavelli's participation in the whole of it. We get, second, a selection of material that highlights the parallel between the Age of Despots that Machiavelli lived in and the new Age of Despots in which we live today. And we get finally Machiavelli's education in the school of power.

For Machiavelli went to school to power. In showing this the book is in the best sense the story of an education. It manages to stay a good part of the time in the interior of Machiavelli's mind, to view Italy and Europe through his eyes, to show how his thinking developed out of his concrete experiences as administrator, diplomat, military technician. Machiavelli's models were the Medici in Florence, the Borgias in Rome, and the other dynasts of the age of despots. He studied them with an almost inhuman detachment. Not that he agreed with them: he was himself republican and libertarian in the affairs of his own city-state. He was only half a Machiavellian, torn between the pursuit of success and effectiveness, which he described as the art of governing, and a genuine integrity that belied his own analysis of human motives. But in his analysis of politics he always succeeded in distinguishing between the "is" and the "ought." He could afford to be detached about what he observed because he could not afford to be anything else. On his accurate understanding of the forces of

[1] Accent on Power: The Life and Times of Machiavelli, by Valeriu Marcu. Translated by Richard Winston. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 314 pages. $3.

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the time depended the fate of Florence, which he loved, and his own job as well. If he did any wishful thinking while negotiating with a prince or a *condottiere* or a Pope or a king, the penalty was swift and merciless. Which may not be a bad idea as a school for political theorists.

He was curiously both of his time and detached from it. He was no humanist in the Renaissance sense, as Lorenzo de Medici was, with that passion for learning that became an ostentation among the Italian *élite*. Nor did he have the religious zeal that moved a Savonarola. Rather he was intensely secular in his thinking, and saw religion only as a political instrument. In his "Discorsi" he talks of it as one of the great cohesive forces in a state, tying the masses to the ruling group even though the latter may not believe in it; and his count against Christianity, like that of Nietzsche and Spengler after him, was that by glorifying humility and pacifism and the weaker virtues it dulled the fighting edge of a state. Instead of celebrating learning, he used it dispassionately to understand his world; instead of seeking power through religion he made a religion out of power.

Yet despite this he was in a deep sense a child of the Renaissance. The one serious flaw in Mr. Marcu's book is the assumption that the Renaissance was the creation and the property of the *élite*. While he tells us that Machiavelli's insights and impulses lay with the common people, he does not see that it was exactly this common touch that gave him a greatness denied to the Medici and Borgias and enabled him to sense what was hidden from them. Machiavelli grew up on the streets, his talk was the talk of the Florentine gangs, he shared with the other scribes and clerks their poverty and their bawdy tales, he knew the brothels of more than one Italian city, he understood the peasants of Tuscany as no man in Florence did, he wrote his plays (like the famous "Mandragola") out of the common experience, and when he had been dismissed from office he spent his days at an inn gambling and talking with the small tradesmen. He shared with the people the lusty energies out of which the Renaissance arose.

It may have been this experience which led him to see that the roots of enduring power lay in mass support and mass consent. Marcu quotes his famous dictum that the successful dictators are those "who have the mass of the people on their side and the lords against them. For then their power has a stronger basis than when they have the people against them and the nobility with them." Machiavelli knew the history of the classical tyrants in Greece and Rome; he knew also the practice of the Medici in Florence, who played off the emerging guilds and the lower ranks of the workers against both the feudal aristocracy and the *populani*, or merchant families. And there can be little doubt that Machiavelli's principle has been adopted by the dictatorships of today.

Machiavelli is in many respects the forerunner of modern dictatorial thought. His conception of a strong state and of a well trained governing *élite*, his stress on war and militarism (he felt that war was the health of the state, but it should be added that he was the creator of the citizen militia to replace the mercenary army, and he saw that an army was the microcosm of the social system from which it was levied), his understanding that deceit and ruthlessness were necessary qualities in the struggle for power: these do not make him an attractive figure for our time. If he was the father of power politics, he was also the father of the martial spirit, of the propaganda technique and of the totalitarian state.

Yet this aspect may easily be overemphasized. The fact is that Machiavelli's thinking has fathered many movements, democratic as well as dictatorial. If Mussolini claims him as his spiritual ancestor (he has written an interesting introduction to "The Prince" in which he stresses the *stato forte* in Machiavelli's thinking), then so did Cavour and the leaders of the Risorgimento. In country after country the discovery of Machiavelli's ideas seems to have had an almost magic efficacy in stirring latent national energies. He has captured the imagination of people as different as Rousseau and Napoleon, Lenin and H. G. Wells. The common meaning he has had for them has been that whatever your ends you must be clear-eyed and unsentimental in pursuit of them and you must rest your power ultimately on a cohesive people. What Machiavelli did not see was that mass consent is a rope of sand if it is achieved by deceit and coercion. He himself believed that the masses could be coerced and then wooed. He was wrong, for the enduring regimes of history have not been the dictatorships, whether demagogic or aristocratic. But it can be said for Machiavelli that the manipulation of the masses was not a necessary part of his doctrine. An effective pursuit of democratic objectives is equally within the scope of a strong state and an unsentimental realism about human motives.

The danger is, of course, that once you become realistic about power as a means it tends to become an end. Machiavelli was craftsman enough to get so absorbed in the technics of power that he came to think of it only as technics. Today power politics is again to the fore. Despite the enormous proportions and resources of the modern state our world is still, like the world of the Italian city-states, a collection of principalities struggling for survival, maneuvering for position, fighting over spoils. The strong men have come forward in every state, using the rhetoric of mass interest and national glory in order to extend their power and entrench their class. The first law of internal policy is to hold on to power at any cost, of external policy to push whatever imperialism you may be interested in. The great imperialisms of our day are those of fluid cash for investment and land hunger, as they were in Machiavelli's time. He lived in an age between a dying feudalism and a dawning capitalism; and in the resulting shifting of power formations it was natural that a philosophy of naked power should emerge. We too live at a time of the breaking of nations, between a dying capitalism and the dawn of new social forms whose outlines we see only dimly. And it is natural that we should again resort to the fetishism of naked power.

The Soviet-Nazi agreement is impressive proof of the pervasiveness of power politics. Not only has it cut across ideological enmities: even the defense of it by American communists has run not on ideological grounds but on grounds of power politics. We are told that it has split the Axis, isolated Japan, broken the anti-Comintern alliance. I have no quarrel with such defenses, provided that we recognize they are on the plane of power politics. What seems to have happened in Soviet policy is that its formulators have decided that in a world of power politics they too will play the game (and they seem to know how) to

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advance whatever interests they may have, whether of Russian power or the extension of the proletarian revolution or both. Events have made them, as they made Lenin, disciples of Machiavelli.

It is amusing to see how Americans have become a nation of amateur *Machtpolitik* experts, debating around the radio the refinements of a game in which the meaning of most of the plays is shrouded from them because they do not know what cards the players hold. Machiavelli was not content with power politics as a shuffling of counters. He saw that history has its laws, and that men work within them. His formula for the forces that shape history was *necessità, fortuna, virtù.* We can still use the formula. *Necessità:* there are imperatives in history that are like an iron collar around the necks even of the strong men of today—imperatives of national resources, class interests, mass morale, economic collapse. *Fortuna:* every state must keep itself as mobile as possible, in order to take account of every element of chance and contingency. *Virtù:* within the framework of necessity and chance, history is finally made by the will and efforts not only of individual leaders but of entire cultures.

MAX LERNER

The Victorian Set Free

I CONFESS that I read Hutchins Hapgood's autobiography[1] with a prepossession in its favor. I have known him so long and so intimately, I have shared so much of the experience narrated, I have met and enjoyed so many of the people described that I could more easily annotate this book than review it.

My first glimpse of Hutchins Hapgood was at Harvard, almost fifty years ago. From then on I have been with him at intervals in Cambridge; in New York, where as a reporter on The Commercial Advertiser he was an authority on the Bowery and the Ghetto; in Chicago when he was working on "The Spirit of Labor"; at the Villa Linda on the way to Settignano, in a group whose cultivation put them as far as possible from Chuck Connors and the thieves' club in Chatham Square; at his great red house overhanging the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry; at Paris; and finally at Provincetown with days and evenings of chess and talk.

In the course of his narrative, Hutchins speaks both of being liked by people because of a certain general warmth of temperament, and again of his instinct of liking. These aptitudes together constitute a genius for friendship, and no one has ever been more ready to share his friends with one another. In that way he has released social values for the multitude of persons evoked in his pages. For myself I owe to him Lincoln Steffens, Jo Davidson, John and Katie Dos Passos, Maurice Aisen, Mary Heaton Vorse, Susan Glaspell, Bayard Boyesen, Luke O'Connor, and above all Neith, to whom this book belongs in a special sense. Hutch repeatedly asserts his feeling of values to be found among the outcasts—the despised and rejected—and to make these values known to others has been a constant preoccupation in his literary and personal activity. He speaks of the need on the part of sedentary and professional persons of new materials in life without which crystallization sets in. "Held to one or the other forms of work the familiar elements of our personality become so definite that eventually there is little room for new elements which again point to a completer personality and keep the individual esthetically alive." In this respect, I record my deep obligation to him. Without him I should not have known Terry Carlin, the American counterpart of the Chinese "Old Rogue," who felt the importance of living before Lin Yutang taught it, and I should never have known what I was missing. Under prohibition it was a signal to open barred doors to murmur "Friend of Mr. Sweeney." So for many years in America and parts of Europe it has been an open sesame to say "Friend of Hutchins Hapgood."

In thus setting down my personal relation to Hapgood, recalled so vividly by the pages of his book, I have given an idea of its contents and its value to the greater number of people who will come to know him. I think their gratitude will be akin to that which his friends feel. In this book he gives himself, all of himself. There are writers who stand on guard over their lives. Bacon and Swift, for example, for whom Shelley might have written his lines:

> Bright reason shall mock thee,
> Like the sun in a wintery sky.

There are others like Goldsmith, or Lamb, or Hazlitt who give themselves away without reserve. Of these two last Hutch has more than a little. He has the gigantic appetite for experience of Hazlitt, the zest, the fine palate, the scorn of convention and the frankness of expression. He would enjoy the tribute paid to Hazlitt, when the whores of London came to hear his lectures on the English poets. But he has what Hazlitt lacked, the drawing power of affection which made Charles Lamb's chambers a sort of exchange for literary and human values. Wherever Hutch may happen to be there is that exchange.

Hapgood records an amusing remark on his then unpublished book by Betty Spencer, who asked him how many lies he had told. When he protested his truthful intention she asked the title and commented: "That's your first lie." But Hutch is nevertheless a Victorian in every sense except reticence, and by dropping that veil he has allowed the essential Victorian qualities to appear. For example, his emphasis upon sexual experience and its sublimation in romantic love is Victorian. As Mr. Krutch has pointed out, the reason the Victorians made a mystery of sex was not that they abhorred it but that they regarded its expression in love as the highest and holiest thing in secular life, to be consecrated by the sacrament of marriage, and validated by children, the family—a part of a "pure religion breathing household laws." They feared that by removing the barriers to sexual experience they would make it common and unclean, and lose the inheritance of literary and social values depending on romantic love. Mr. Krutch agrees with them in his essay, "The Death of a Value." Hapgood

[1] A Victorian in the Modern World, by Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 618 pages. $5.

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does not, yet he protests against promiscuity merely for the sake of defying convention; and the tenderest writing in his book is in appreciation of his own marriage, and fatherhood. No parental care could exceed his devotion to his second son, brought back to normal after an attack of infantile paralysis. Nothing is more touching in his story than the grief of father and mother together over the death of their older boy. The essential element in the Victorian mind, for Hapgood, is the sense of the unseen, which finds a mystic reality in every act, a symbol in every work of art. This idealism sanctifies for him all life.

Readers of Tolstoy's autobiography will recall his account of his earliest remembered experience—a bath in which the warmth of the water, the smoothness of the tub, the hands of his nurse were unforgettable sensations. Similarly Hutchins Hapgood records his earliest memory as eating an apple. "My ecstasy was as much spiritual as sensual. . . . Never have I had an intense experience that was not in part symbolical of something not itself, or of something more inclusive than itself." A Russian critic has based on Tolstoy's reminiscence the generalization that "he thought with his whole body." The same cannot be said of Hapgood. He is always conscious of both sensation and reason. He is always trying to bring experience "into line with the colorful meaning of the universe of thought," to arrive at "significant generalization." Throughout his life, however, he has retained his creative sensibility, and can still say: "Every intellectual step I took was the indirect result of my emotions." It was thought acting upon feeling that led him to large views upon the relation of the sexes and the institution of marriage. The same rationalizing impulse led him to the theme which he regards as most important in the social sphere, the labor movement. Here again his approach is that of the idealist, with a sense of the ultimate values to be released for all mankind when the revolution shall have accomplished its purpose. His interest in the underdog and belief that unappreciated values lie hidden in the outcast, first animated his study of criminal life; and his "Autobiography of a Thief" was the product of a long and intimate connection with the hero. Later he came to believe that crime was relatively unimportant; and his desire to make the good life possible by the great exploited section of society brought him to write "The Spirit of Labor." In most of his books he maintained the plan of entering heart and soul into the experience of a typical character, and producing what he called "assisted biography," on the model of "Moll Flanders." Once he found this character in himself and wrote "The Story of a Lover."

There are two aspects of the present book as of Hapgood's previous writing. In one he is concerned with himself, his own salvation. He is crying like Christian—"Life, life, eternal life." But he does not flee from the City of Destruction. He surveys it on all sides, and creates a kind of *comédie humaine* from its inhabitants, a parade of figures, seen almost invariably without illusion, and fraternally. "All men and women naturally seem to me entirely honest and lovely," he writes, and in this spirit he tends to a certain extravagance of appreciation which, however, does not extend to Dreiser and Miss Gertrude Stein. But his characterizations are often amazingly acute—of his eminent brother Norman, of Jig Cook, of Mabel Dodge as a "cut flower," of Greenwich Village as a state of mind, "a symbol of an American Bohemia that spread over the entire country." It is this large knowledge of men and phenomena that gives Hutchins Hapgood authority for writing his own life. He knows that everything he writes reflects the period in which he has lived, and he can describe his book as "a picture of the modern world strained through the Victorian temperament or, rather, the Victorian culture." To those who would see that world as a candid and loving spirit sees it or, more than this, would live in it vicariously as such a spirit lived in it, Hapgood's Victorian memoirs will be a grateful and satisfying experience—and "shared experience," as John Dewey once wrote, "is the greatest of human goods."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Thoreau Plain

Thoreau, by Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 528 pages. $3.75.

MR. ROBERT SPILLER, who has read it in manuscript, says this book of Mr. Canby's on Thoreau is not only "the sanest biography of Thoreau, but it is one of the sanest I have read of anyone." No doubt Mr. Spiller is right, and this is why the book, despite its subject, is a little dull. I am not perfectly sure what is meant here by "sanity"—the word is often used honorifically in learned circles—but I am reasonably sure that the virtue in question is not the prime virtue of a good biography, at least not when the subject is a man like Thoreau. Mr. Canby is so pitilessly "sane"—so unwilling to size Thoreau up from any particular point of view—that all the real passion of the man, all the anger, all the ardor, simply evaporate from his even-handed pages. Of course Mr. Canby writes as an eclectic, editorial, rather conservative liberal; but that position is no more a point of view than the Gothic of the Yale Library is a style of architecture. A better book about Thoreau might be written by a vegetarian, an anarchist or an Anglo-Catholic.

This is not to say that, after the lapse of a good many years, a new biography of Thoreau was not in order, or that Mr. Canby has failed to take advantage of the information that has accumulated in the meanwhile. His book is based not only on the work of various recent students but on long and patient research of his own—both in libraries and in the fields and living-rooms of Concord—and as a result it is a fuller and more concrete biography than any that have preceded it. All the outwardness of Thoreau's life is here, all the homely details, all the good stories; and as a result one gets a richer sense than in the other biographies of such matters as Thoreau's appearance and personal ways, of the boarding-house atmosphere of his mother's household, of the ups and downs of the family business, of Thoreau's personal relations (happy and unhappy), and of the mid-century flavor of the village life about him. What a painstaking sanity can do on levels like this Mr. Canby's book undeniably does.

If one is to be more exacting, however, and ask of an ambitious biography that it furnish some new and strong illumination of the subject either as an individual, as a writer or as an intellectual influence, then Mr. Canby's

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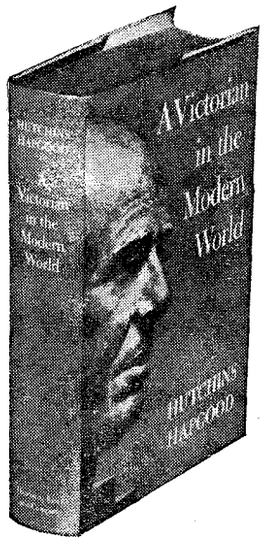

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book is a disappointment. So perfectly unencumbered is Mr. Canby with psychological "theories" that he postpones to the last chapter, as a kind of afterthought, his remarks on the cardinal fact of Thoreau's celibacy and its unmistakable effects upon his personality and work; even then, the point is made only to be dismissed in a few sentences. And Mr. Canby can go so wrong, psychologically, as to imagine that Margaret Fuller, of all women, might have written from Italy to propose marriage to Henry Thoreau at a time when she was already involved emotionally with another man!

Of Thoreau the writer and the prophet, Mr. Canby seems to me not to have any searching interpretations to make. His most emphatic observation about Thoreau the prosateur is that he is essentially a writer of *sentences;* but this is surely no truer of Thoreau than of most nineteenth-century essayists—to say nothing of its not even being *true* of Thoreau the descriptive or evocative writer. Least of all does Mr. Canby do justice to Thoreau the moralist—to the whole intellectual and historical setting for his Transcendental anarchism, to the contradictions within it, or to its bearing on the needs of our time. That it has such a bearing, Mr. Canby of course insists; but surely it is anti-climactic to be told that, if Thoreau were to describe a man's duty in a totalitarian state of today, he would advise the citizen "to step back and, protecting integrity by any concessions possible to it, endeavor to make the nobler moral fervor prevail. But he would disobey rather than rebel, and wrestle with weakness in himself rather than use violence against the despot in the enemy." As I read "Slavery in Massachusetts" or "A Plea for Captain John Brown," this is not the quality of Thoreau's imaginable attitude toward fascism.

NEWTON ARVIN

Queen Elizabeth's Mother

Queen Anne Boleyn, A Novel, by Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

TO RESTORE THE CHARACTER of Anne Boleyn, lost in mystery, is no easy task. It takes a deal more oakite and elbow-grease than most antiquarian objects. The standard historical accounts are skimpy and undependable. One does not need to be a critic or skeptic to doubt them; their unfairness and deficiency are obvious. The mother of Queen Elizabeth has inspired scarcely any imaginative works: novelists, playwrights and poets have passed her by. In biography Paul Friedmann's life alone takes her part. A conscientious French scholar has written a sketch of Anne's brother in a documented treatise. But even the doctors have not bothered about Anne. It is true that her life was a short one, lasting not much over thirty years. But the simple fact that her youth was sacrificed to a middle-aged, jaded lover should have given her story a romantic appeal. Mr. Hackett, who is a good Irishman, is the first to sense the romantic note of this English queen. For, after all, as his title insists, it was a crowned head that the English struck off that day on the Tower green.

Mr. Hackett's story begins with Anne at the English court. The morals of the ladies-in-waiting were, in spite of the example of the supremely virtuous Queen Catherine, no better than they should be. Anne had plenty of examples, even within her own family, of the kind that lead a girl to go wrong. But Mr. Hackett very cleverly pictures not this so much as the exciting and overstimulating courtier's world to which she belonged as the source of her downfall. Anne was certainly a spoiled girl; but not more so than Marie Antoinette. Like Marie Antoinette also she was the victim of an impotent man. During the six years in which she imagined she was holding Henry off, she was abetted by his secret infirmity. Her egoistic and evasive lover showered her with jewels, titles, honors, riches, a marriage under the rose, a solo coronation—everything in fact except the simple wifely and matronly position she coveted. Henry's love, of which there is no doubt, was the beginning of her ambitious and tragic career.

Francis Hackett finds the source of her hardness in a hurt early endured. He traces softness in her again through her love for Wyatt and Wyatt's love for her—a part of her story acknowledged even by the historians. There are no historical details for it, however, and to supply them Mr. Hackett uses Wyatt's poems, perhaps better evidence. All this was turned into the burning ambition which flamed up in her at the touch of the King's middle-aged love.

Of the other people in the novel, Henry is naturally the best drawn. The author has previously written a whole book, which the readers of "Queen Anne Boleyn" will certainly want to turn to if they have not already met it, on the character of Henry VIII. In this novel he has done especial justice to Henry's double-jointed conscience—a conscience which under all circumstances had to be vindicated. "The King was resolved to do nothing illegal." Read history; he never did. Cardinal Wolsey, in the novel, is not Shakespeare's, nor Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's; he is a coarse, fat old man, rather smelling of the trough, but withal appealing. Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, the mother of the mother of Queen Elizabeth, had to be totally imagined out of whole cloth by the author, so completely has the public memory of the beheaded woman's mother been suppressed. Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne Boleyn's father, undergoes a revision at Mr. Hackett's hands. He appears as a traveled and seasoned diplomat and not as the promoted merchant he is reputed to have been. The author stresses the point. This is interesting if true, for it throws a little light on Anne's only unfeminine characteristic, her *penchant* for politics. There is a good picture of Queen Catherine, as the irate, outraged and narrow-minded wife, though it is somewhat spoiled by the Shakespearean language which the author puts into her mouth. I for one do not believe that Queen Catherine ever spoke those splendid moving iambics. The charming Wyatt, the sinuous knavish Cromwell, the frail Mary Boleyn, all the other friends and foes of Anne fall into place harmoniously. Only George Boleyn, the brother who was perhaps the most important influence in her life, is vaguely and disappointingly pictured.

The author has supplied an Epilogue which, arriving too late to be included in the first edition, will one hopes be included in the next. In this he mentions the points at which his narrative departs from history. The departures are negligibly few. The basis of the novel is careful research and tested material. It is probably as good a biography of Anne Boleyn as we shall ever have.

KATHERINE ANTHONY

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Snow Man

A Child of Our Time, by Odon von Horvath. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1938, the German-Hungarian writer Odon von Horvath was killed by a falling tree in the Champs Elysées. How many more important and even more horrible events have occurred since that time! Yet the strange death of that young and highly gifted poet remains a moving and terrifying fact in the memory of those who used to be his friends and are familiar with his books. Our mourning, however, is mingled with another feeling, very strong in us when anyone, and more especially a poet, "dies his own death." ("Oh Lord, give to each one his own death!" as Rainer Maria Rilke prayed.) Death often comes to writers in a way strangely befitting the style of their work; in the end they must experience what they once merely dreamed. Before the bombs actually were destroying the boulevards and avenues of the world's most beautiful city, an innocent tree had to transform itself into the deadly instrument, killing a poet who walked through the stormy night. This silent tree which became the incarnation of evil might have been an idea of Odon von Horvath, the poet.

For he always seemed to be attracted, and in a strange manner even amused, by all the manifestations of evil. He enjoyed telling grim, fantastic stories with a smile at once childlike and somewhat cruel, stories about revolting monsters and grotesque accidents. Behind this cold curiosity, however, there was hidden something different and more precious. For Horvath was a moralist too. If he had not, in his heart of hearts, been a moralist, he could very well have made his peace with Nazi Germany, where there could have been no objection to the Hungarian "Aryan" and successful playwright. But he definitely turned his back on the Third Reich. The first book he wrote in exile, the first novel he ever wrote, known and celebrated in this country as "The Age of the Fish," is not only the cool, detached description and analysis of evil, but also, and above all, an indictment. The "godless youth" which is the collective hero of this extraordinary story, the youth of Hitler's Germany, seems to be possessed by wicked demons.

The same Evil Spirit and Great Enemy appears once more in Horvath's second and last short novel, "A Child of Our Time." This book impresses and moves us by many qualities and charms we admired in "The Age of the Fish"; it has the same kind of magic realism, which, at certain moments, reminds one of Franz Kafka's prose. Yet I feel "A Child of Our Time" to be an anti-climax, compared with the earlier book. Its composition is less concentrated, the plot is less dramatic, its characters are not quite so unforgettable. From the literary point of view Horvath's last work seems to be a slight decline, although it certainly is still more interesting, even from the purely artistic angle, than 90 percent of all the novels written and published today. Its true significance, however, is not esthetic but moral.

The simple fellow who is presented as the leading character—the average man "of our time" who does not find his place in a post-war or pre-war world; the narrow-minded young soldier who enjoys taking and following

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orders—suddenly and surprisingly goes through many spiritual and sensual adventures. He has doubts, and dreams and visions; he experiences forms of love and sadness and tenderness he never knew before. He endeavors, he wants to change, to improve, to become a human being instead of remaining what he was: merely a soldier. Finally he recognizes the Great Enemy. "The Age of the Fish" is dominated by the demon of coldness, and the "Child of Our Time" desperately tries fighting him. He freezes to death, and we watch, horrified, his transformation into a snow man. But his human heart keeps burning under the icy cover which eventually may melt. For I am sure that Odon von Horvath, the poet who was familiar with the Devil and has been killed by a diabolic tree, also believed in the miracle of resurrection.

KLAUS MANN

And No Sage

Hitler Is No Fool, by Karl Billinger. New York: Modern Age Books. 208 pages. 50 cents.

KARL BILLINGER, whose previous book, "Fatherland," remains in its sober poignancy one of the best descriptions of early Nazi terror, has now subjected "Mein Kampf" to a careful scrutiny, in the spirit of a historian who does not take a document at its face value, but critically checks each assertion, compares texts written at different times and places, explains inconsistencies and obscurities, and confronts all these elements with other well established facts. Wading through the mud and slime of Hitler's prose was not a pleasure; but the result obtained—a reconstruction of Hitler's personality and program from his own utterances—was well worth the trouble.

Mr. Billinger's central thesis, that the triumph of fascism in Germany "was not the victory of one single man, but of one part of the German people over another," is not entirely unfamiliar. He supports it, however, with the most convincing sort of evidence, which is internal evidence. Moreover, instead of merely rejecting other theories, quite popular not so long ago, which explain Nazism as a renascence of German nationalism, or a revolt of the lower middle classes, or a need for living space, Mr. Billinger assigns each of these phenomena to its place, showing them as necessary phases in a more comprehensive historical development.

Hitler's own share in this slice of history is not scornfully denied in favor of anonymous economic interests, but admitted to the extent that he was the man who actually "gave these powerful interests the form and expression by which they were able to rise to dictatorial mastery in Germany." Nor is it necessary to assume that the leading Nazi circles are animated by a spirit of destruction for destruction's sake. Their lack of principles is more simply and more plausibly explained by their political opportunism: Hitler is not a mystical "nihilist," but a vulgar pragmatist, and only in his devotion to the German ruling classes, of whose imperialist policy he is the prisoner, is he a real fanatic. Today, after the most recent political somersault of Nazism, this point needs no emphasis.

This does not mean that everything in history is luminous and rational, that "foolishness" has no place in it. But

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"foolishness" is relative. Compared to the Central European statesmen who never had the sense to get together in the face of obvious dangers, or even the "democratic" Western statesmen who hoped to outsmart destiny, Hitler is undoubtedly superior. At least he represented a "dynamic" plan for the reorganization of Europe, a reorganization which was a crying need. But this plan also implied the preservation of the Junker class and of monopolistic profits. The building of a free Europe implied on the contrary the wiping out of these things; it is a more rational plan, and could have been carried out without the destruction and suffering which we see today. The "dynamic" German imperialism not only does not remove, but itself originates in "the discrepancy between the producing and consuming power of its present economic order," a discrepancy which sooner or later must cause its ruin. In his effort to conquer, Hitler has already unleashed forces beyond his control; amid the thunder of guns, signs of his coming doom begin to be discernible, although we don't know yet what precise form it will take, or how long the process will last. In this larger sense, for having chosen an irrational solution when a rational one was available, Hitler is "foolish"—which is of course no consolation to all those whose only lives are now being sacrificed. Billinger offers no consolations; he provides us with an opportunity to understand.

NORBERT GUTERMAN

To Critics

Critics, you who praise poets,
Critics, you who damn poets faintly,
Critics, you who earn your livings,
Critics, you who by being critics
Are damned eternally:

Critics, you who eke beauties,
Critics, you who confect faults,
Critics, you the impersonal,
Critics, you who by not being poets
Are critics eternally:

Critics, you who rake the tomes,
Critics, you who fail to rake them,
Critics, you who consult the oracles,
Critics, you who espouse authority
Are scholars eternally.

Critics, you who express hopes,
Critics, you of promissory notes,
Critics, you of the *a-priori* view,
Critics, you who criticize the critics
Are criticized eternally.

The poet is his quick critic,
The rest is social pleasantry;
Sometimes not even decency.
When I find a critic who loves,
I will love him eternally.

RICHARD EBERHART

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Fall Fiction

Doctor's Oral, by George R. Stewart. New York: Random House. $2.

IF THE LIFE of a graduate student has been unfamiliar until now, Mr. Stewart leaves no reason why it should remain so. In making an oral Ph.D exam the central incident in his plot, he wisely selected an ordinary fellow to see it through. Much of the point would be lost if the hero were a dazzling *Wunderkind* or a dim-witted heir to oil fields. As it is, Joe Grantland is simply the regular, class-B student—the kind who prefers someone else's textbooks to his own brains as a source for almost anything. To him the degree means a job and marriage and security for the baby he's just discovered is on the way. But whether the professors pass him or pass him up won't matter much either way in the academic world of English Lit. He'd be an adequate addition to any teaching staff, and in front of a class in English 22a he should be able to hold almost as much attention as he does among his friends the night after the exam.

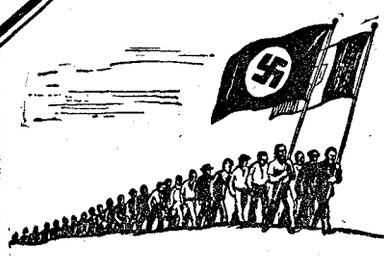
Any way you look at it the oral is a tough proposition, tricky and unpredictable as a second-hand car. And there's shrewd humor in the diagnosis of why which professors ask what. Most questions the boys toss around aren't to see how good Joe is but to show how each of them is better than the other six. Joe goes in feeling important, if unsteady; soon enough he finds himself a buffer state between French Classics and Victorian Prose. He's tripped up and bluffed and angled out of position; he's outplayed discreetly by an instructor who insists on knowing whether it was three lilies or five the Blessed Damozel sported. For reporting on this dignified third-degree, the author adopts an air of quiet, impartial amusement that seems exactly right. Worse things than two lilies have stood between a man and his job.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Strife Before Dawn, by Mary Schumann. New York: The Dial Press: $2.50.

THIS NOVEL was written to document a thesis, namely, that the men who held fast the western boundaries of the American colonies deserve history's recognition at least as much as the Easterners who manipulated the revolution proper. In the 1760's the Pennsylvania and Ohio settlers had to deal with Pontiac's Iroquois Confederacy, a coalition of tribes come together in protest against the inordinate greed and duplicity of the large British traders. Just before the Revolution it was Dunsmore's War, an unnecessary slaughter on both sides, precipitated by bungling militarists. During the Revolution itself, the Northwest Territory had to fight off the tribes who had been incited or bought out by the Crown.

To get her point across interestingly, Miss Schumann has skillfully interlarded the straight history with fiction obvious enough not to confuse the most literal. Keith Maitland, the hero, is a young Pennsylvanian attached to the western army of the Swiss Colonel Bouquet. In the early Indian war his wife, Hope, is captured by native raiders. Thinking her husband dead, she accepts a Shawnee brave and bears him a son. Later, when the Shawnees are forced to give up their captives, Keith finds



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his wife and her half-Indian son. His Quaker soul cannot absorb the shock of her apparent infidelity, and he turns to a young Virginia girl who has just joined the community. The fiction is pleasant, and Miss Schumann's researches are scrupulously detailed but never tedious. The writing is clear and well paced. RICHARD ROVERE

Three Miles Square, by Paul Corey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

PAUL COREY'S Iowa farmers neither hate the land nor love it. They struggle with it to make it yield a living and a surplus sufficient to help them on to a better life, which, to them, is somehow connected with the far-away people who produce with their minds alone. In 1910, when the novel begins, Chris Mantz has just died, and his family is ordering its future. Andrew, the eldest son, inherits his father's work on the farm and his father's ambition to become an architect. The rest of the family work willingly to this end, under the guidance of Andrew and his mother. There are internal frictions, and there are moments when external events seem bound to wreck everything. Shortly after her husband's death, the widow is almost tricked into marrying a local jackanapes; a wily neighbor nearly wrests the farm from them; a vain girl tries to make Andrew forgo his future. In the end, however, Andrew is off for Des Moines to study architecture, and in this symbol of progress the Mantzes find justification for the values they clung to in every crisis. The next generation will probably be city doctors, lawyers, inventors.

Corey's writing is as forthright and honest as his characters. If he fails at all, it is in his attempt to make the story of the Mantzes a sort of farm epic. To do this, he arbitrarily lays out his nine square miles of Iowa and peoples them with enough types to cover most of American farm life. He plots the course of streams, juxtaposes people, and arranges the points at which the lives of the others cross the Mantz interest. This schematization does unnecessary violence to an otherwise fine novel. R. R.

The Best British Short Stories: 1939, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IT IS A GREAT RELIEF to find that Mr. O'Brien's 1939 collection is a generally entertaining one. His rather awesome principles of selection remain unchanged ("I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life"), but they have not, this time, led him to rake in many of those technically immaculate and emotionally frigid numbers that cluttered his past collections.

In so far as the stories are "a criticism of life" they are generally unenthusiastic, ranging from gentle irony to frank hopelessness. The drama, tragedy and humor of most of the characters are found in their professional poverty as peasants, poachers, tinkers, barbers, small-town snobs, charwomen and refugees. Only a few stories have a setting beyond the British Isles, which makes them a compact survey of lower British home life. The two Bateses, Ralph and H. E., Stephen Spender, Liam O'Flaherty, Walter de la Mare, T. O. Beachcroft, Elizabeth Bowen and James Hanley are the best of the writers

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whose names are known to the public. Of the relative strangers one can recommend T. Thompson, H. T. Hopkinson, David Kalicstein, Frank O'Connor, Geraint Goodwin and Geoffrey Household—whose recent novel, "Rogue Male," should have put him definitely in the "known to the public" group. Finally there is John Collier, ringing the bell with "The Sleeping Beauty"—unquestionably the neatest and most enjoyable trick of the year.

NIGEL DENNIS

More Marx Items

The German Ideology, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. New York: International Publishers. 232 pages. $2.50.
Revolution in Spain, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. New York: International Publishers. 255 pages. $2.50.
Karl Marx, by Karl Korsch. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 247 pages. $1.75.
Pure Capitalism and the Disappearance of the Middle Class, by Abram L. Harris. Reprinted for private circulation from The Journal of Political Economy, June, 1939. 29 pages.

THE FIRST OF THESE is a partial translation of the book written by Marx and Engels in 1845-6, immediately after "The Holy Family," for the purpose of clarifying their position *vis-à-vis* the German philosophy of the period. The publisher who had agreed to bring it out got cold feet and let them down and, save for fragments, the book was never printed till Ryazanov, the founder of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow, rescued the manuscript, slightly the worse for wear, as Marx said, from "the gnawing criticism of the mice," and included it in the collected Marx-Engels published by the Institute: the volume came out in 1932. (It is characteristic that this edition of the translation, issued by the Communist publishers, should make no mention whatever of Ryazanov, who was long ago liquidated by Stalin.) Engels afterwards said that the non-appearance of the book had not mattered, as it had already fulfilled its principal function when it had enabled them to make clear to themselves where they stood; but it is a pity that it should not have been available, because the first section, on the "Opposition Between the Materialistic and Idealistic Points of View," supplies a missing link in the development of Marx's and Engels' thought. It is the real opening of the Marxist campaign, and it has the high spirits of intellectual discovery. The first full statement of Historical Materialism, it now presents itself as probably the best thing to read first in approaching Marx and Engels. The criticism of the contemporary German doctrine which they ironically called "True Socialism" has been included, but not the long section on the philosophy of Max Stirner.

"Revolution in Spain" is a collection of the writings of Marx and Engels on Spain, including summaries of Spanish history by Marx; the articles written by Engels for an American encyclopedia, on Spanish military subjects beginning with A and B; and all of their journalistic comment on current events in Spain during their lifetimes. Perhaps the most interesting is the article by Engels on the part played by the Bakuninists, who had the majority in Spain at the time of the split in the International, in the uprising of 1873.

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Karl Korsch's volume on Marx in the Modern Sociologists series is quite an able little book. It more or less belongs to the same class as Sidney Hook's "Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx" in being both an introduction and an original study. Korsch slights the philosophical side of Marx where Hook is particularly enlightening; but he is strong on the relations of Marx to the political economists and sociologists. For the beginner, this book would, I should think, *place* Marx and give him his real importance in the history of social thought more effectively than any other I have seen. Perhaps, though, it would always be better to read Marx and Engels themselves. Korsch's book has in common with Hook's, also, that it attempts to smooth out and make persuasive a complex body of thought, which, developed by two diverse personalities, neither particularly simple in itself, shows conflicting motivations and emotions, and which, concerned with the interpretation of history, was peculiarly susceptible to being influenced by the course of contemporary events. What Korsch, as a convinced and earnest Marxist, is really trying to do is to get out of Marx and Engels a system which will be acceptable to the ordinary reasonable person. This attempt has led him to play down those two mystic dogmas of Marxism which have figured in so vital a fashion in the actual history of its progress: the Dialectic and the Labor Theory of Value.

Korsch glances at the Dialectic only to dismiss it as an unimportant vestige of Hegel, "neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring."—"In all that semi-defense of Hegelian philosophy," he says, "they were nevertheless unable to save from Hegel's dialectical 'idea' more than that one meager concept of 'interaction' which for Hegel had been closely connected with other concepts in the unity of a truly philosophical thought." And he asserts that "between the value of the new commodities produced by the use of the labor power in the workshop, and the prices paid for this labor to its sellers, there is, according to Marx, no economic or other rationally determinable relation whatever." This is true as far as it goes, but it is also true that Marx asserted—what Mr. Korsch relays to us only in rather a soft-pedaled form—that a fall in the total amount of profit made, as industry becomes more highly mechanized, will prove definitely a relation between profits and the production of that peculiar kind of value which Marx regarded as inhering in factory and farm labor. The truth is that the dialectical action of the Hegelian idea, which with Hegel disguised the workings of Divine Providence, continued, in its modified form, to play a similar role for Marx; and that the unprovable Labor Theory of Value was really a moral doctrine which designated the proletariat as a kind of Chosen People. Mr. Korsch's own argument as a Marxist is based upon both these dogmas, and, in trying to keep them out of the picture, though he makes the point of view appear plausible, he sacrifices the religious motivation which has given Marxism its extraordinary power and which has been responsible for what is noblest in it as well as for what is most narrowly fanatical. Thus the historical fact about Marxism which you will not learn from Mr. Korsch's book is that it has been a religion.

It is worth while to notice here Abram L. Harris' admirable paper on "Pure Capitalism and the Disappearance of the Middle Class," on account of its special interest for

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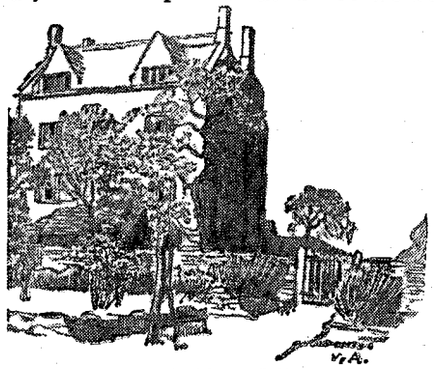

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students of Marx and because, although privately circulated by the author, it is available in The Journal of Political Economy, in which it originally appeared. Professor Harris has gone all through Marx and summarized the sections and passages which relate to the role of the middle class. As most of this discussion appears in the little read later volumes of "Das Kapital" and in the untranslated "Theorien über den Mehrwert," the manuscripts which Engels did not live to edit and which Kautsky brought out after his death, it will be unfamiliar to the ordinary reader.

In the first volume of "Das Kapital," we are always shown the factory worker and the peasant immediately confronting the manufacturer and the landowner, and in this way a tense and dramatic—in fact, a melodramatic—situation is created, in which the reader becomes involved. Those who have never explored the later volumes have no idea how incomplete and unsatisfactory is Marx's treatment of the middle classes and the professional and intellectual groups. The logical application of the Labor Theory of Value leads him to exclude from the category of producers—and hence, by implication, from that of the morally worthy—not only the manufacturer and the financier, not only the small tradesman and the white-collar worker, but even the transportation worker and the longshoreman. The class line-up, then, becomes far from simple; and the melodrama is bound to evaporate. In the last chapter of the third volume, called "The Classes," Marx seems about to go into all this problem. Modern capitalist society, he says, may be divided into three great classes: "the owners of mere labor-power, the owners of capital, and the landlords, whose respective sources of income are wages, profit and ground-rent." But there are also "middle and transition stages" which obliterate all definite boundaries. The question is, what constitutes a class? "At first glance, it might seem that the identity of the revenues and of the sources of revenue" of each makes the basis of the three great classes. But from this point of view the physicians and the officials would constitute classes, too. The same would also be true of the infinite dissipation of interests and positions created by the social division of labor among laborers, capitalists and landlords. For example, the landlords are divided into owners of vineyards, farms, forests, mines, fisheries. And:" [Here the manuscript ends.] Like certain other unfinished writings of Marx—who had nothing of the facility of Engels and was never able to bring himself to publish anything on a subject which he did not feel sure of having mastered—this chapter marks an outpost of his thought and opens the vista of his unsettled problems.

Professor Harris has pointed out that the analysis of modern society given in the later volumes of "Das Kapital" is inconsistent with the picture of the class war in the Communist Manifesto. "Marx," he says, "in his detailed examination of the capitalist economy was forced to recognize the middle class as a concrete reality. Whether he thought that it would eventually disappear and leave society with only two classes is doubtful. But that he did not foresee the political importance which the middle class possesses today is quite evident." It is to be hoped that Professor Harris will write something further on this subject and show how and why what has happened has not coincided with Marx's expectations.

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A Reader's List

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MODERN MEXICAN ART, by Lawrence E. Schmeckebier (Minnesota, $7.50). A survey that explains the rise of Mexican art in successive chapters on its background, the Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors, Orozco, Rivera and the Mexican School, written without political or personal partisanship. Two color plates and 216 halftones.

WORLD ORDER: Civitas Dei, by Lionel Curtis (Oxford, $3.50). Mr. Curtis, a British civil servant of forty years' experience in most quarters of the globe, has devoted twenty years to evolving the system of society which he proposes in this thousand-page work. The scheme is based upon the idea of Christianity and the Greek city-state and, since its author is a rare combination of theoretician and pragmatist, it is not without importance, although the possibility of realizing it in the near future has been precluded by the events of the last two months. Streit's "Union Now" is a mere footnote to "World Order."

MINNESOTA: A STATE GUIDE, by members of the Federal Writers' Project (Viking, $2.50). The "Land of 10,000 Lakes" here takes its turn in the American Guide Series sponsored by the Federal Writers' Project. The text is divided into three sections—History, Cities and Towns, Tours. Fifty-six photographs and a removable map.

ICELAND: THE FIRST AMERICAN REPUBLIC, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50). Not a travel book, but an exhaustive exposition of the history, geography, industry, customs, social organizations and attractions of an unfavored country noted for minding its own business and practising coöperation. Written by a descendant of Icelanders so familiar with the whole Arctic circle that he need not be pedantically solemn.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS: The Songs of Carl Michael Bellman, with an Introduction by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Bellman, of eighteenth-century Sweden, was ministerially trained and loved the bottle, and he seems to have composed the lyrics of his songs by applying a ministerial vocabulary to the pieties of roistering. The translations are often not very graceful. Nevertheless the book is pleasantly manufactured, pleasantly illustrated, and the tuneful songs are set to a pleasant accompaniment by Grace Castagnetta, easy to play and satisfactory with or without the voice.

PHILOSOPHY

CHRISTIANITY AND MORALS, by Edward Westermarck (Macmillan, $5). Based on a theory expounded by Professor Westermarck in earlier volumes, that all moral judgments are expressions of approval or disapproval, fundamentally disinterested. Chapters dealing with the influence of Christianity on war, economics, slavery, sexual relations and the treatment of the lower animals.

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Science

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THE LIVING THOUGHT OF DARWIN, presented by Julian Huxley (Longmans, Green, $1). One of the most practical volumes in the Living Thoughts Library. Mr. Huxley does not try to evaluate Darwin but merely to expound his ideas in brief, by quoting key passages and summarizing what goes between.

Fiction

EGYPTIAN INTERLUDE, by Jolán Földes (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Mainly a study of expatriates and refugees in Alexandria, by the author of "The Street of the Fishing Cat." A good picture of Europeans in exile, though with too many psychological subtleties.

DEATH LOSES A PAIR OF WINGS, by Robin Lampson (Scribners, $3). The conquest of yellow fever remains an absorbing one no matter how often it is told—and Mr. Lampson tells it well. Written in unrhymed verse that is frequently spirited and effective, occasionally monotonous, and at times would do nicely as simple prose.

IN THOSE DAYS, by Prentiss Mournian (Macmillan, $2.50). As much as possible in his own words, Mrs. Mournian records what Hiram Reynolds, the centenarian, remembers of the stories told by his long-lived parents and grandparents of pioneer life in the New Hampshire Grants and the fights against Indians, Tories and Yorkers.

Contributors

GUENTER REIMANN, a German economist now living in New York City, is the author of "Germany: World Empire or World Revolution?" His new book, "The Vampire Economy: Business Life in the Totalitarian States," will be published on October 18 by The Vanguard Press.

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JUSTUS KATES is twenty-six years old and has been a seaman for four years. He shipped as a waiter for the first time on the "Orizaba."

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